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THE  
F O U N T A I N ;

WITH  
JETS OF NEW MEANINGS.

**Illustrated with One Hundred and Forty-Two Engravings.**

BY  
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to gleam."

**FIFTH EDITION.**

BOSTON :  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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ONE bright morning last May, as I was idly sleeping at the foot of a grand mountain, the voice of a revered instructor said: "Arise! Go up to the very top; survey the ways of wisdom; observe the needs of the world; be healthful and hopeful, and perform thy work."

After journeying through a mass of chilly clouds, which clung to the steep sides of the mountain, I gained the glorious summit. With serene joy and grateful admiration, I gazed upon the magnificence of the heavens, and upon the loveliness of the earth, which were unfolded and displayed in every direction. And observing no human being near me, and feeling myself alone in the lofty solitudes of the mountain, I turned toward mankind, and said: "O world! here am I, after a slow and toilsome progress, far away from you, yet ready to work for you. What will you accept from me?"

And suddenly there appeared in the beautiful landscape, not far from the foot of the mountain, A FOUNTAIN! It was exceedingly beautiful in its strength and simplicity. The sparkling water was flowing and jetting incessantly. And the waters of that Fountain seemed to be compounded of the *needs* and *wants* and *wishes* of multitudes, yea, hundreds of thousands, of warm, living human hearts!

And in the beautiful light above the fount, a friendly voice said: "Write a book, with thoughts for men and pictures for children, which the young as well as the matured can peruse with pleasure and profit." After a silence, the voice added: "Truth, Love, Peace, Mercy, Wisdom, Labor, Education, Religion, Admonition, Hope—these streams, with occasional jets and clear intimations of new meanings, must flow from the FOUNTAIN. To this end employ little things. With pure affections and

familiar illustrations you must appeal to the understanding and the heart. To improve the human mind, and to aid and enliven the world's mothers and fathers and educators, you must amuse while you instruct."

Accordingly, in obedience to the voice of wisdom, I proceeded to "write," and the present volume is the result.

Employing every aid at my command, I have attempted, with the utmost sincerity of motive, to relieve the grave profundities and the dazzling magnitude of the Harmonial Ideas, by the introduction of pleasing simplicities which may attract and instruct persons of every age and in all states of feeling. And all deficiencies, as well as the omission of many deeply important subjects, must be attributed to the fact that this volume is designed to be simply the first of a short series of like import. In this book there is no effort to sound the very *deep* in the treatment of any question. The wish to attract and enlighten young persons—in short, to reach the entire family group—is paramount to the desire to impart original ideas to established thinkers.

"I have often thought," remarks a scholarly writer, "if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of a wise man, and that of a fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a succession of vanities, which pass through each." Of grown-up men and women, and of little children and our young folks, the same reflection seems to be not less applicable. Whatever is truly attractive, pleasing, and instructive to one is likely to be equally entertaining and profitable to the other. It has thus far been observed that, among the hundreds of thousands of elderly persons who drink deeply and constantly at the Harmonial Fountains, not more than a few score of young people read and enjoy our publications and principles.

If the flowings of this Fountain shall have the effect to attract and instruct young persons, while slacking the honest thirst of the grave and thoughtful, and if the teachings of this initial volume shall in some degree assist parents and tutors in the rearing and just education of children, the Author will deem his industry amply rewarded. And he will interpret the general acceptance of this work to mean that additional books in this series are called for.

A. J. DAVIS.

NEW YORK, September 20, 1870.

# CONTENTS.

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CHAP	PAGE
I. THE EVERLASTING O.....	7.
II. BEAUTY AND DESTINY OF MOTHER NATURE'S DARLINGS....	20
III. THE SOLITUDES OF ANIMAL LIFE .....	42
IV. INDICATION OF REASON IN ANIMALS.....	54
V. FORMATION OF NATIONOIDS IN AMERICA.....	64
VI. THE WISDOM OF GETTING KNOWLEDGE.....	82
VII. THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.....	110
VIII. LYCEUM TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN.....	123
IX. IMAGINATION AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE.....	137
X. PROPHETIC DREAMS AND VISIONS DURING SLEEP.....	154
XI. TRUE AND FALSE WORSHIP.....	162
XII. ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.....	180
XIII. REALMS OF SORROW AND SUPERSTITION.....	200
XIV. EFFECT OF A MISTAKE IN RELIGION.....	221
XV. OMENS AND SIGNS AMONG RELIGIONISTS.....	232





## I.

### THE EVERLASTING O.

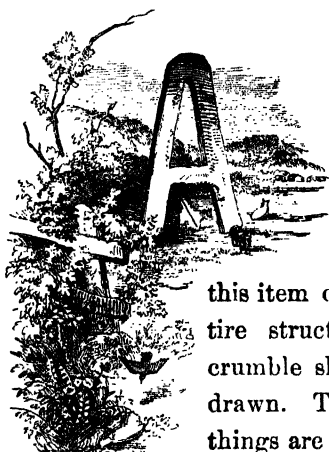
THE English alphabet contains no letter more remarkable than the familiar fourth vowel, O; with which, therefore, I have elected to begin this book of interior entertainments.

The fifteenth letter is written and spoken more frequently than any other in the language, with the



exception of the superlatively important initial, A. This is because no other letter so spontaneously expresses the many and various feelings of the impassible spirit. It involuntarily bubbles up to the tongue, in the shape of an interjection, as the natural sound of almost every imaginable emotion—of surprise, joy, alarm, aversion, sorrow, supplication.

Bees do not swarm more thickly into a clover-field than does this letter crowd itself into the flowers of



literature. The very existence of poetry depends upon the existence of this simple vowel. Starting with these hints, where can you not go in tracing the indispensability of

this item of the alphabet? The entire structure of literature would crumble should one letter be withdrawn. Thus we learn, that least things are necessary to the greatest.

Let us remember, right here, that the first and the last letters in the Greek alphabet are A and O. Hence, in the Bible phraseology, the representative terms, "Alpha and Omega," are naturally used to signify the beginning and the end.

A is the first figure employed to symbolize the first vocal sound made irresistibly by merely opening the mouth, with the feeling or wish of utterance in the heart. A, M, and O come out of the sweet lips of infants as naturally as music flows from the mouths of birds.

Destroy the letter O, and you annihilate the Greek language. And then, what would become of poetry and prayers? "O heart of fire!" tell us what would be thy fate? Men of language! tell us who, deprived of the use of this letter, could exclaim "O, Lord!" "O, Mother Church!" "O, God, Omnipotent!" Without the sound of O, there could be no natural expression in any language of the emotions of joy, warning, admiration, entreaty, or compassion. In vain might we hunt for a substitute

"Over low-lands forest-grown,  
Over waters island-strown,  
Over silver-sanded beach;"

yet, forever, a better letter would be beyond our reach; therefore, O vowel, wisely chosen! we lovingly cling to thee through the flower-fields of literature, through the quiet aisles of prayer; yea, through the never-ebbing sea of immortal love we will cling to thee! Without this letter, the following could not exist in any language:

- "For the sound of waters gushing  
In bubbling beads of light ;  
For the fleets of snow-white lilies—  
Firm anchors out of sight ;  
For the reeds among the eddies—  
The crystal on the clod ;  
For the flowing of the rivers,  
We thank thee, oh, our God !
- "For the lifting up of mountains  
In brightness and in dread ;  
For the peaks where snow and sunshine  
Alone have dared to tread ;  
For the dark of silent gorges  
Whence giant cedars nod,  
For the majesty of mountains,  
We thank thee, oh, our God !
- "For an eye of inward seeing—  
A soul to know and love ;  
For these common aspirations  
Which our high heirship prove ;  
For the tokens of thy presence  
Within, above, abroad ;  
For thine own great gift of being,  
We thank thee, oh, our God !"

What a history of completeness and perfection is the history of this simple figure, O. About three hundred and fifty years before the era of Christianity, Plato began the investigation of the circle. After two centuries of researches by different spiritual philos-

ophers into the elements of the circle—the ellipse being one of the conic sections—the figure remained without further analysis for over sixteen hundred years. O how long! At length, however, the remarkable properties of our letter were brought to light through minute mathematical investigation.

Although this book is not designed to deal in philosophical abstractions, it cannot be deemed inappropriate to quote a passage from the wise and comprehensive writer, J. W. Jackson, of Glasgow, who, being a faithful spiritual philosopher, perceives and affirms the spiritual origin of forms and figures. In the London magazine entitled *Human Nature*, for June, 1870, he thus comprehensively describes angles, circles, and the ellipse: “The primordial bodies on the cosmic plane—suns, planets, and their satellites—are spherical, because the sphere or universal circle represents the perfection of a unitary totality, whereof they are the primal reflection and reproduction. The circle in process of formation represents creation in evolution. When closed, by the movement of the radius vector over the entire cyclical circuit, it equally represents creation finished, and so ready for reabsorption into the Divine unity. We thus see that the centre symbolizes Deity and the circumference creation, the radius vector being a projection of the Divine, from the eternal sphere of the

Infinite ONE to the temporal plane of the finite many, or as the mystics would say, God in manifestation as the Demiurgus, or Logos Creator.

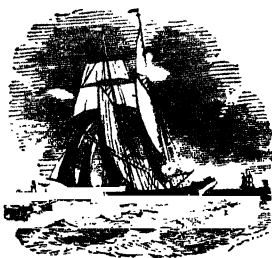
“As the sphere or universal circle represents completeness and perfection, so the cube or universal square represents equipoise and strength, and thus morally symbolizes justice and power. It is in every direction equilateral, and thus all its angles are right angles. It is the symbol of being as based on truth and rectitude. As the sphere, or universal circle, is representative of the unity, so the cube, or universal square, is symbolical of the trinity of form—that is, of height, length, and breadth, equal in dimension, yet diverse in direction; that is again, as the mystics would say, co-ordinate in rank, equal in power, yet different in function. The sphere represents those divine integers, eternity and infinity, having neither beginning nor end; while the cube or universal square, on the contrary, symbolizes time and space, each susceptible of the most rigid limitation—the sequences of the former implying definite periods of duration; and the expanses of the latter limited areas of extension, like the lines and sides of a cube. Perhaps the reader begins now to understand something of the Pythagorean reverence for numbers, and the belief once prevalent, as to the magical power of mathematical diagrams.

"The circle—and with it, of course, the sphere—is masculine because it is unitary, being formed on one centre, and generated by the movement of one radius vector. *An ellipse*, on the contrary, *is feminine*, being formed on two foci, whose distance is the test of its feminity, the intervening area being the sphere of multiplicity. So a square, or cube, is masculine, while a parallelogram, or parallelopiped, is feminine, the continent lines of length transcending those of breadth or height, so that it is no longer the symbol of absolute rectitude, strength, or stability. It may, perhaps, also be observed, that both in the ellipse and the parallelogram the containing lines are longer in proportion to the area enclosed than in the circle and the square."

A perfect O—which is feminine—is a perfect ellipse. It is the most harmonious mathematical figure, containing all the lines and curves and elements of beauty; and it is the form of the orbits traversed by the planets of space. Without the O, the universally useful "multiplication table" would be an impossibility. Because, without this plain, frank letter to stand with its great meaning upon the right hand of other figures, we could never make any progress beyond the figure 9.

Therefore was I not doing right to begin this little volume with the essential symbol of a yet more essential part of being? It is a key in every hand

My pen needs but the prefix O, to empower it to “open” before you many pioneer paths leading through great mountains “of new meanings.”



SAILING OUT TO FIND NEW MEANINGS.

Now let each reader choose his favorite keel, with which to plough the sea of spiritual commerce and intellectual discovery. Every sailor will feel most at home on his own vessel. If you would sail out upon life's wide ocean—if you would search the winter lands of earth while on your great voyage to summer lands, among the golden stars and beneath clearer skies on high—then enlist at once as helmsman upon the best ship now riding in the harbor of your own honest knowledge.

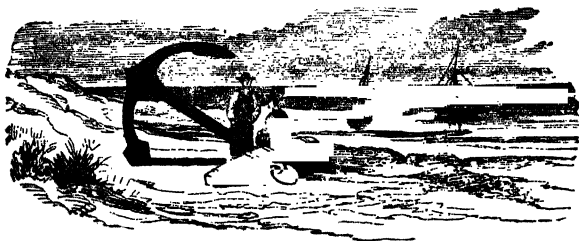


SAILOR'S OCEAN HOME.

“O lonely Bay of Trinity,  
O dreary shores, give ear!  
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea  
The voice of God to hear.”

But let all remember humility; without O, you cannot sail your ship far out; indeed, without it you

cannot even weigh anchor. Who ever tried to write anchor without the use of the fifteenth letter?



AN HONEST MIND IS AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL.

Very sweet and liquid is the sturdy-looking half-vowel, M! It is, I freely confess, quite as necessary to Latin as O is to Greek. But being one of the easiest to articulate, M is likely to be the first upon the rosy lips of childhood. It comes, O so sweetly! in the first utterance of "ma." And yet, somehow, I cannot yield the assertion that our chosen feminine ellipse is the sovereign letter. You cannot perfectly articulate M, except while closing your mouth and compressing the lips. Now, to try an experiment, step before your mirror and pronounce the beautiful letter under consideration. O what a fair countenance you present! What an "open" mouth you immediately possess! Therefore, sustained by such prime-facial evidence, I dare affirm that M is by nature contractive



and conservative; while our beautiful O is expansive, and maketh the mouth ready to speak from "the abundance of the heart."

An Oasis, without the letter O, is impossible. The Libyan deserts of human life—without ever-green spots, and without fountains of musical waters—would destroy mankind. "Orpheus," without our opening letter, with all his miracles of music, would drop out of the world. As suddenly would vanish from the world's romantic literature the name "Ossian," the son of Fingal; and thus, too, would forever disappear "Orion," and the great universe of constellations would know him no more.

And, let me ask, what would become of the Ottoman Empire? It would require a greater than the renowned Oberlin to portray the scenes accompanying the downfall of the house of Orleans. The lovely images and picturesque expressions of Ovid, with all his pathos, would vanish in an instant, as would also the great agitator, O'Connell, and the innumerable "O's" which mean so much as a prefix to names of persons in the old, unhappy land. And unspeakably learned Oxford would sink into the place appointed unto all unprogressive institutions.

Did you ever reflect that, without the fourth vowel, the revered name of "God" could not be written; that, if deprived of this talismanic letter, we could

not print the sacred words "mother," "love," "home;" that, without it, as if crushed by a thunder-bolt, all life would suddenly be deprived of its "glory;" and that, without it, the idea of an eternal "morning" could never succeed to the night and gloom of existence?

A great, strong anchor, both sure and steadfast, we therefore find in the perfect ellipse—our initial letter O! Even the name of goodness is impossible without it; yet, happily, the *state* of goodness is independent of all speech.

Politicians profoundly realize the value of this vowel while laboring for Office, and especially when called upon to "take the Oath." Lawyers depend upon the fifteenth letter when orally opening cases—the outlines of which, together with the order of the offence, with objects, observations, obtruding obstacles, optional or otherwise—thus they read and define the oblong character



COLD! AND, O SO DREARY.

on the obelisks of legal lore and sail out upon the broad ocean of ownership.



"O PRINCELY LOT! O BLISSFUL ART!"

And of Clergy-  
men—what can we  
say? "O ye of lit-  
tle faith!" From  
over the old ocean  
of ancient usages  
the office of the  
ministers of the  
"Holy One" has  
been brought to the  
shores of the new  
continent. And by  
virtue of that office,  
and especially owing  
to the endorsements  
of custom, the clergy-  
man is a wholesale  
dealer in the most

sacred feelings, emotions, and passions of the human breast. His language in prayer is therefore habitually interjectional. "How long, O Lord, how long" shall this style of expression continue? is a question not yet answered. The templed mountain of Olympus does not more truly o'ertop the valleys than do the churches of to-day attempt to outrank the testimonies

of Nature. While the office of minister remains, the frequent and untrammelled pronunciation of "O" must also remain, and must be unfeignedly respected by all who sincerely believe in ministers.

Imagine just here, O friendly reader! the hundreds of thousands of words from which the letter O cannot be for one instant omitted. Recall the phrases which awaken no agreeable emotions. Are they not northerly and extremely cold words? Do they not come breathing forth the chilly electricities of the frozen Hebrides? Northerly and exquisitely bitter words, freighted with storm and snow and frost—with which thoughts and feelings of loneliness and desolation are tearfully intermingled. For even so sounds, in the chambers of my inner hearing, all phrases not flowing from the fountain of wisdom and love.

Language, like the wave of a magician's wand, can suddenly transform every thing about us. Because spirit is the fountain of feeling and wishes, and is, therefore, the cause of words spoken by the obedient tongue.

Let us, therefore, avoid, as far as possible, the articulation of words which casts "sweet home" into the dim and distant background of life's picture. Let us never employ any language which would hang our master-letter upon the scraggy limbs of some fruitless tree—upon some leafless tree of materialistic knowledge.



## II.

### BEAUTY AND DESTINY OF MOTHER NATURE'S DAR- LINGS.

**F**ATHER GOD calls to His children. He calls them not through the bending domes and crum-

bling arches of stone churches built with mortal hands. But His fatherly voice comes through the suns and stars of the boundless firmament; through the stately monuments and constellations of the universe; through the swerveless laws of the stupendous whole; through the love-breathings of the interior heart; through the starry corridors of the eternal temple of Truth; through the winds and waves of innumerable oceans; through the cathedral solitudes and ineffable perfections of Nature.

Godless, indeed, is that religion which would silence (or rate as *beneath* paper books) the voices of such living bibles and perpetual preachers as fruit-trees, wild flowers, beautiful birds, whispering bees, sobbing seas, sighing winds, snow-covered mountains, and the grand old pines and mighty oaks bending with the weight and majesty of centuries.

“Were I in churchless solitudes remaining;  
Free from all voice of churchmen or divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of God’s ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines.”

Rightly seen, every thing in nature is a wise and special expression of divine affection. Indians and children and poets, when in their best moods, see the Father-Spirit in every place and in all manifestations. Merrily sings the divine love in birds and bees and

blossoms. And sadly sings the Infinite Spirit through the dark-green branches of mountain pines, and in the unutterable sounds of the ebbing and flowing sea. Infallibly speaks the Eternal in the boundlessness and unchangeability of those invisible principles by which all things live and move and have their being.



LOVE AND LABOR AMONG FLOWERS OF GOD'S ORDAINING.

Nature is God's conjugal mate ; she is, therefore, the Mother of All. Children, like young birds, feel in their hearts the life of heavenly liberty. Girls not less than boys long for the delights of the wide, open fields and far-spreading trees. Boys, naturally, more than girls, seek bold and boisterous sports. Girls are taught to seek and personate the graceful, to dwell modestly in the quiet retirements, and to cultivate the

noiseless, the impractical, and the beautiful. This teaching is founded in the belief that girls are by nature finer than boys. While the truth is, they are only exact counterparts, reversed; each qualitatively and in substance like the other; but from exactly opposite sides of the universe. They are born of the same mother, nourished at the same fountain, clothed by the same hand, reared in the same home, watched over by the same guardian angels, pass through the process of death upon the same safe principles, and journey to brighter and fairer lands upon the same celestial highway.

But a false system of religion, which is as arbitrary as the old fable which discriminates and establishes an antagonism between sheep and goats, has come between children and their intuitions of truth.

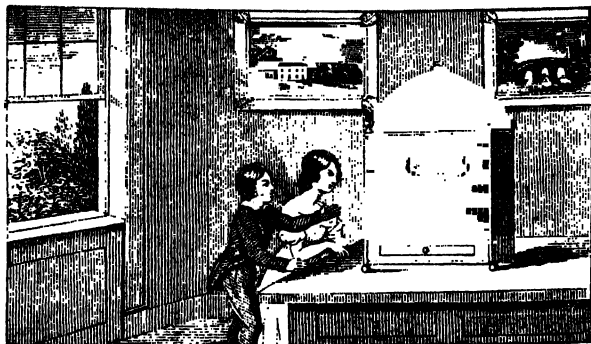
The beautiful butterfly, which used to represent the idea of individual life after death, attracts the girl by its beauty and the boy as an object of pursuit. Girls and boys are drawn into the fields by the same healthy, sensuous attractions. While sisters gather blooming buttercups, their brothers chase the fleeting butterflies; but after



BOYS ARE INFLUENCED BY THE  
BEAUTIFUL.



awhile they grow weary, and together they soundly sleep among the flowers. They awaken in obedience to the voice of hunger, and run like deer to the call of mother. Beauty in the fields, or imprisoned beauty (behold, how free-born birds are shut up like prisoners



THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

in cages!) exert the same powerful effect on children.

The common charge, that boys are more cruel than girls in the wish to deprive innocent and feeble birds of their liberty, is groundless. The natural love of ownership and mastery—of possessing exclusively and controlling the existence of that which we love—is as strong and formidable in one sex as in the other. Spiritual culture eventually exalts this innate love; substituting beauty for tyranny, and wise love for ignorant and selfish discipline.

Men and women associate freely together as brothers and sisters, and also in the most holy and delicate relations of conjugal love; therefore, why may not our boys and girls be permitted to grow up together in the school, and in all the departments of the state, as well as in the home and family circle?



BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE WORLD TOGETHER.

A child is a divine promise of something better. We are all of us only dim, crude prophecies.

Girldom, with its sweet femininities, is promising only when the world of "horrid boys" is taken into the account with just valuations. In the family they live, and love, and fight, and laugh, and kick, and run, and eat, and play, and sing, and cry, and grow up together. Why not in the affairs of that larger family, called the

government, when they attain to the estate of men and women? Why not? Because a false religion, feeding, and flattering a false custom, insists peremptorily, with terrible penalties of excommunication from "good society," that girls shall forever dress unlike boys, shall studiously refrain from running and climbing, shall make no visible demonstrations of bodily vigor, and shall do nothing and be nothing inconsistent with the established masculine rules of feminine propriety.

The dress of a girl is constructed so that it is certain to trammel her limbs, pervert her growth, derange the functions of the bodily organs, and in truth endanger the safety of her physical existence. Her younger brother can freely and fearlessly climb hill-sides, race through the wildwoods, leap fences, and play like other darlings on the bosom of Nature. But



LET HER FOLLOW THE FASHIONS.

only dare to let her go out with her brother, and lo! owing to her dress, she falls headlong over the straight gate of pharisaical propriety, and is "providentially saved," if her beautiful life is not forever crushed against the rocks of a blind and

bigoted custom.

Nature, who is our graceful and ever-loving mother, infallibly teaches her children the right way and the whole Truth. She teaches her girls that it is their *highest* duty to become whatever they *can* become, and to *do* whatever they *can* do; the criterion of right being, that the result of such being and doing is genuine happiness to themselves and lasting benefit to mankind.



MOTHER NATURE'S DARLINGS SOMETIMES NEED WASHING AND COMBING.

Different ambitions and different aspirations burn within different temperaments. Sex does not infallibly determine the nature and quality of this ambition, or aspiration; neither is it possible for mere sex to indicate and limit and establish the sphere of its most effective manifestation.

The masculine positive temperaments, which are

the mediums through which the man-organization



A PLAN FOR COMPELLING THE EARTH TO  
ACCEP-T SEED.

makes itself manifest, are aggressive in their very nature. And yet it should be borne in mind that some women are in this respect equal, if not superior, to some

men; but habits and education, as much as temperament and sex, have great sway in determining the manifestations of any personality. Habits exert a subtle influence. Women, especially among the ancient Romans, by systematically educating their muscles, and by abstaining from all intoxicating drinks, developed noble mothers and a hardy race of sons. The Romans were famous for their health, strength, and endurance. It is safe to say that Roman and Spartan mothers were physically stronger and more enduring than many of the men and fathers in our more refined era.

Still, there is a constitutional difference between a woman-nature and a man-nature which lies deeper than any habits or circumstances—a difference which, although absolute and essential, is not necessarily antagonistic. This sex-difference was illustrated by Mr. R. Grant White, in an account he somewhere published, in substance, as follows: "Some years ago,

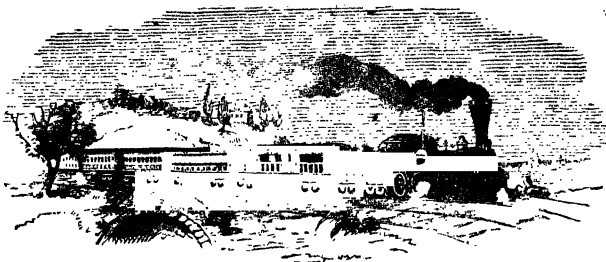
before monitors or even iron-clad ships were thought of, the enormous and now utterly useless man-of-war *Pennsylvania* lay at the Washington navy-yard. Much had been expected of her, and her colossal size, and her enormous battery of one hundred and twenty guns, were looked upon with pride by all 'true Americans.' It was determined that the President of the United States, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet, the principal officers of the army and navy, and other persons of like distinction, should visit her for an 'inaugural' entertainment, and that in honor of the occasion, he and they should be saluted by the discharge of all her guns. The gentlemen were accompanied by a large number of ladies, and a more numerous and representative party was probably never gathered together on the decks of a national vessel. The salute began, and the rapid discharge of the heavy ordnance produced a remarkable effect on the civilian visitors. Very soon the men were stunned or worried, and showed strong symptoms of nervous anxiety. The women, on the contrary, to the surprise of all, showed no fear, but rather delight, and were cheerfully excited, not concealing an inclination to laugh at and crow over the nervous weakness of their masculine companions. The firing went on, and became a protracted and apparently endless series of regular explosions. For the discharge of one hundred

and twenty guns at intervals of only three seconds occupies six minutes, measured by three-second counts, even in silence, seem as if they would never end. But when, as in this case, each interval is marked by a roar that stuns the ears and a concussion that shakes the heavens and the earth, and fills the air with flame and smoke, the performance becomes oppressive and tries nervous endurance to the utmost. And on this occasion a striking natural phenomenon, full of moral significance, was presented to the curious student of human nature. It was observed that as gun followed gun, the men, who were so disturbed at first, became quiet, self-possessed, indifferent, and at last cheerful, while the women, who at first were so filled with life and gayety, soon showed signs of weariness, then of nervous excitement, and finally of terror, looking forward with dread to the inevitable and regularly-recurring shock; so that before the salute was over most of them were in a state of extreme distress, some were hysterical and some had fainted. Their nerves could bound with elasticity at a single fillip, but succumbed under repeated blows; while the masculine nature toughened under resistance to the protracted strain."

The difference between the man-temperaments and the woman-temperaments, is forcibly illustrated in the foregoing incident.

The man-temperament (which is sometimes also

powerfully manifested in woman), is the temperament for pioneering, forth-pushing, domineering, engineer



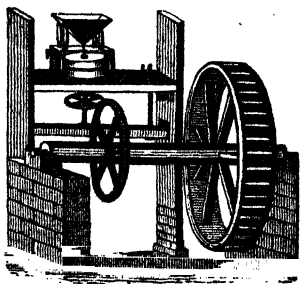
A MASCULINE INVENTION FOR OVERCOMING THE WORLD.

ing, centrifugating. Man's implements and inventions are designed for assailing, overcoming, crushing, destroying, and reforming. Man's hand grasps instruments for subduing the earth. Look at the breaking-



up plow. Look at the seed-drill and the following harrow; the compression and soothings of the roller; at the ponderous hammer and the anvil; at the mighty forces harnessed together in the machine-shop; at the pulverizing energies of the mill; at the great cities; at the dwelling-houses and immense factories; at the





A MILL FOR CRUSHING AND PULVERIZING.

strong wagons for carrying lumber, stone, and iron ; at the steamboats for riding rivers, lakes, and oceans ; at the railroads and locomotives made to accomplish Jupiter-like labor ; at the wire paths for lighting under oceans and around the great globe !

And think, too, of the discovery and settlement of new countries.

These tools, these ambitions, these achievements, these broad and mighty enterprises, are crowded by mother Nature into the restless hearts and into the incessantly pleading hands of her children—into the open hands and prayerful hearts of women and men alike—and then only time and circumstances, and the spirit's faithfulness to its own interior convictions, can determine which sex, and what particular individuals among men and women, are most attracted and adapted to the grand ends and uses in contemplation.

Man's force-and-drive elements combine naturally and fruitfully with woman's elements of power-and-



MEANS AND ENDS.

aspiration. Her power, which is noiseless and spiritual, while it requires less brain for its manifestation,

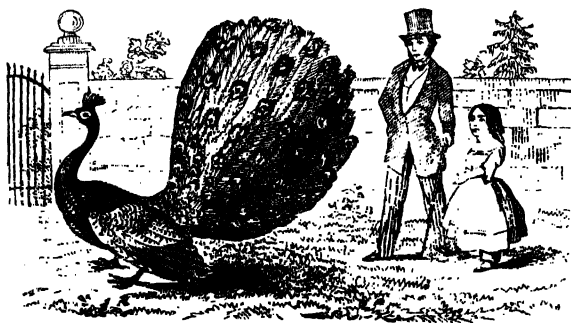


MAKING INSTRUMENTS FOR ASSAULT AND CONQUEST.

yet demands a far more compact and impressible physical organism. Man's force, which is full of noise and derived from the soul (which in this life is the spirit's fulcrum or harness), requires a larger brain, more physical body, and a harder-knit frame. But, taken together, and viewed and compared as to their relative endowments and real modes of expression, it will be found impossible to establish the least radical or fundamental inferiority or superiority between men and women. They are both mother Nature's darlings ; and my counsel to them is : OBEY NATURE.

Nature, in the largest sense, is adequate to every emergency. She tells woman what to do, and how to

do it, as she also tells and instructs man. But saint Custom, whose mandates are proclaimed by masculine priests upon the house-tops, and especially for the benefit of the multitudes of worshipping listeners, says: "Wives and daughters! you shall not participate in either of the brave-and-dare vocations proper alone to man. Behold! the gulf between the sphere and labors of woman and the sphere and labors of man, is impassable. You must be self-indulgent and prone to luxury, and devoted to the cultivation



CULTIVATING A TASTE FOR DISPLAY.

of those delicate arts and winning ways by which rude man, self-denying and inured to hardship, is easily led and beneficially governed."

The fiat has gone forth! Henceforth your wives and daughters must unquestioningly obey. Behold the

fruits thereof! They are forthwith beautifully helpless and full of demand. They will do nothing practically to enrich themselves. They long for the thousand and one pretty ornaments and magnificent dresses of the reigning fashion; for the feathers and laces and ribbons and curls; and for the artificial flowers and grasshoppers for head ornaments,—all these crowd into the feminine imagination with aggravating profusion. Meanwhile men's imaginations are exasperatingly wrought up to the problem of supporting all this uncontrollable folly; to which few of them dare openly oppose their will; for they, too, are largely involved in the popular magnetism of a despotic, implacable, and diabolizing fashion. Thus the boys and men give their time to machinery and to the multiplication of world-subduing inventions; while the girls and women are passing their time in constructing the home-beauties, and in multiplying the manifold fleeting attractions of personal existence.

By this false state is established that modern absurdity, known as a fashionable parlor, which leads one to ask: "How many people do we call on from year to year, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family



GIRLS MUST GROW LIKE THE  
DAISIES.

ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamtschatka? And why? Because the room which they call a front parlor is made expressly so that you shall not know. They sit in a back room—work, talk, read perhaps. After the servant has let you in and opened a crack in the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird, reaches you, and then a door claps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they ever romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities a mute and muffled room says nothing. . . . A sofa, six chairs, two ottomans, fresh from the upholsterer's, a Brussels carpet, a centre table, with four gilt books of beauty on it, a mantel clock from Paris, two bronze vases—all these tell you only in frigid tones: 'This is the best room,'—only that and nothing more: and soon she trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks you how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day, and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year."

The mind and its affections grow to resemble in shape and feeling that upon which they constantly feed; and from the structure and affections of the mind

we derive and establish "character." Men, for example, think and work upon the world's dry hard facts; and thus men's characters and dispositions become dry and severe. Women of fashion, on the contrary, with a devotion and perseverance worthy of a better cause, are meanwhile reading the sweet nothings of literature, or listlessly sleeping the pleasant hours away among flowers, and their characters exactly correspond to their mode of life.



GIRLS AND BOYS SOMETIMES WORK TOGETHER.

It is recorded that one of the curiosities that is continually presenting itself to the census-taker is the large number of young women who are found listlessly dawdling about houses, poring over the last new novel, or thrumming Offenbachian melodies on patient pianos, and this too often in poor families, where the

mother is busy with the manifold cases of household duties, which could be materially lightened by the assistance of her daughters. ✓

Testimony by a woman, which fully justifies the strength of the charge herein made, is undisguisedly thus: "In the nursery the mother is called upon to set forward the same injustice which presided over her own education. 'Preaching down a daughter's heart,' the beautiful phrase of Tennyson, becomes the duty of every woman who finds in her daughter saliency of intellect and individuality of will. Mediocrity is the standard! 'Seek not, my child, to go



EMBLEMS OF FASHIONABLE EMOTIONS.

beyond it. Thou hast thy little allotments. The French must be thy classics, the house accounts thy

mathematics. Patchwork, cooking, and sweeping thy mechanics; dress and embroidery thy fine arts. See how small the sphere. Do not venture outside of it, nor teach thy daughters, when thou shalt have such, to do so.' And so we women, from generation to generation, are drilled to be the apes of an artificial standard, made for us and imposed upon us by an outsider; a being who, in this attitude, becomes our natural enemy."

Thus the difference in the conduct of life between men and women in popular society, is founded in the difference established through their unjust education and dissimilar habits. Inasmuch as men and women are derived from the same fountain of divine life, are compounded of identical elements, and have a common destiny in the grand progressive career of eternity; therefore they should learn at once, and practically, to make less educational difference on account of sex in their tastes, professions, interests, duties, labors, and emoluments.

There is an unfathomable pit of injustice in that social structure which makes labors, rewards, pleasures, vices, crimes, and the enactment and enforcement of laws, turn upon the shallow question of *sex*. Any theory of life, religion, or government, which unbalances the divine equilibrium of Justice, in effect evolves and confirms a wicked warfare between men



and women, and should be consigned with the popular theology to the pit of oblivion. It establishes a



EVERY WIFE, AND ESPECIALLY EVERY MOTHER, IS ENTITLED TO A "HOME"  
(FREE OF ALL DEBTS AND DEMANDS).

wicked antagonism between the two sides of the human universe.

The inculcations of this chapter are easily summed up: Let your boys and girls run out into the beautiful world, and let them grow as they play together; for very soon, as men and women, they will together lay the foundations of future families, societies, states, and nations.

Babyhood first, then childhood, next youth, and then, O how quickly, in this whirling world!—come womanhood and manhood; lastly, old age, and then—

by the revolution of time's wheel—a certificate from earth's school-masters, entitling the bearer to a full College-course in some of the many mansions “not made with hands.”

Forever let Love's scepter remain in the soft, honest, kingly right hand of Wisdom. Infinitely fairer and higher will grow the world—less thorny and bitter, less cold and desolate, less miserable and unjust, will seem our pathway—if men, instead of perpetuating the errors and cherishing the superstitions of a former age, would obey the voice of God, speaking infallibly through the mouth of our universal loving mother Nature.



### III.

#### THE SOLITUDE OF ANIMAL LIFE.

IT must be remembered that plants, in all their vast varieties, are only parts of animals; that animals are only parts of human organizations; and that the all-embracing perfection of the human structure completes and coronates the eternal mountains of life.

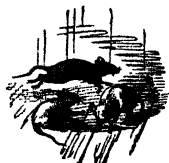
Like all incomplete forms of life and animation, however, these manifold fragments of the ONE growing organism, are happily unconscious of their own incompleteness. In themselves, and when not contrasted with man's microcosmic structure and transcendent mental endowments, all the plants and animals are

perfect, and, of course, possess no *per se* consciousness of individual imperfection.

The surpassing beauty and sympathetic wisdom manifested in all these kingdoms of Nature cannot but unfold in man holy meditations of Deity.

But owing to the innate imperfections—the intrinsically partial instinctiveness and automatic imbecilities of the animal's heart and intellect, its life must be essentially solitary. The profound abysses of seas and oceans—the dreary wastes of swampy wildernesses—the lonely caves hidden in the dark bosoms of great mountains slumbering in the unexplored hearts of continents—these are the homes of hundreds of thousands of animals!

What can be more overcharged with loneliness than the life of an ignorant man? What solitude is profounder than the cheerless, obscure, deeply-shaded brain of an idiotic human mind? “The foxes have holes” in the mountains of solitude; and the “birds of the air have nests” in the sacred stillness of the forest; but widely over them all, as upon all the kingdoms below the human, hangs and broods the affectionate and solitary night of imperfection.



NOTHING LIVES IN  
VAIN.

Everywhere around man are affectionately living and dependently clus-

tering millions upon millions of objects—little beings, below man's estate, manifesting wondrous beauty of structure and incomparable wisdom—existing in servant-states of subordination, each inspired with the holy mission of feeding upon, refining, and lifting lower and gross atoms of matter, so that such atoms can feed and fellowship with the sovereign *needs* of the crowning human kingdom.

Apparatus upon apparatus exists in full action—the steady-grinding mills of God—animated by and obedient to the infinite law of Progress. These living mills—the bees, bugs, reptiles, rats, creeping things, vines, plants, insects, birds, slugs, worms, weevil—are hard at work, both day and night, in order to receive and advance grossest particles for the nourishment and development of mankind.



GREAT WORKERS IN  
THE WOODS.



LITTLE MILLS FOR REFINING GROSS MATTER.

And these refining organized mills—these infinitely diversified and wondrously beautiful little creatures—live in the great solitudes of the globe; in the in-

accessible fortresses of rocks, in the watery deeps of great rivers, in the hiding places of the boundless fields, and everywhere, in the countless dark retirements, throughout the wide extents of nature. And I think it is well worth remembering that there are no artificial contrivances, no instruments or mills invented by man, which can be compared, either as to the amount or the perfection of the labor performed, with the results of the incessant industry of the plants and animal organisms in Nature's magnificent workshops.



BIRDS LIVE FOR THE GOOD OF THE WHOLE.

The holy affectionateness manifested by birds should beneficially impress every true mind. My admiration is challenged, as much as my heart is impressed to worship, when I see the beauty and hear the early songs of birds. They are our great Mother's "wandering minstrels," who, like angel-pioneers, explore the solitudes of the world, and then bashfully shrink from observation within the starry temple of night.

Birds are forms of affection. They are, therefore, extremely impressible and impulsive, and are influenced by very fine and imperceptible circumstances. They sing their truest songs—that is, their vocalizations are most spontaneous and musically freighted—when electrical “conditions” of the hour are balanced and harmonious. If the morning light and after sun shine are just right—if the shrubs and vines along the walls are truly graceful and poetical—if the cloudy sky does not cast a too deep shade upon orchards and verges of forests—then, on that day, you may expect some great music from robins, bobolinks, song-sparrows, linnets, and meadow-larks.

The sounds of birds express feelings and emotions; not thoughts and wishes, which imply reflection. They embody in their songs the sensations of love-laden bosoms; which are sometimes happy, sometimes fearful, sometimes angry, sometimes coquettish, sometimes filled with aversion, sometimes overflowing with fondness and joy; thus resembling, rudimentally and germinally, the higher human heart when not governed by reflection and wisdom.

What must we think of that boy who could deliberately shoot or stone the world’s loving minstrels? Behold the wonderfully beautiful nest of a brooding bird! With what unutterable aversion must we regard a boy who could deliberately climb a tree

in order to frighten away the motherly brooding



PUNISHMENT OF A NEST-ROBBER.

bird, and then steal the supplicating and dependent little ones which contain her heart's warm love and beauty?

Remember, ye robbers and despoilers of the weak and innocent! — remem-

ber that the sleepless *justice*, not less than the sustaining *love*, of the Unchangeable Spirit lives and rules in the life of the tiny plant and in the smallest animal of the globe; and, likewise, remember that whatsoever “ye do to the least of these my little ones,” *is done by you against the divine law of your immortal life*; and the consequence is, that by the inflexible and unavoidable judgment meted out by the just laws of that eternal life, your punishment and your mortification, for every kind and shade of offence, will be absolutely CERTAIN—either in some day in this world, or in some one of your countless estates in the great infinity into which you are perpetually travelling.



There is, however, another side to our charitable estimate of the beautiful uses of bugs, slugs, grubs, flies, insects, worms, weevil, lice, mice, midge, &c. which is, that they exist, in connection with man's dealings with himself and the globe, as the legitimate effects of such avoidable causes and conditions as filth, abuse, exhaustion, devastation, and slovenly habits.



ANIMATED MILLS AT WORK IN THE WILDWOOD.

Hence a truly advanced and spiritualized state in our common humanity—manifested in cleanliness in mental and bodily life, and in refinements and purifications extended throughout the gardenized fields and fertilized farms—will destroy these innumerable adversaries to man's comfort, respectability, and prosperity.

The millions upon millions of dollars lost, by the ravages of various prowling birds and hungry insects, are legitimate punishments for neglect, abuse, outrages, or inexcusable ignorance. Of course, when the little

legitimate workers come—when caterpillars, worms, grasshoppers, and lice arrive in vast hosts in order to help on the work of the globe's refinement, which man should have prevented by his superior wisdom and industry—yes! when the innumerable little “mills of God” have come—crawling upon their white bellies, running upon their many legs, flying upon the millions of hot-sounding wings, boring with their sharp horns, biting with their needle-teeth—yes, O man! when these friends come, thou should'st be very kind to them in thy great sorrow, and should'st learn wisdom amid the surrounding devastations.

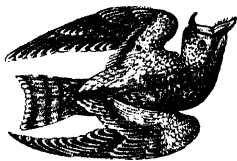
Birds, let it be remembered, are the great field-allies and inseparable friends of mankind. They instinctively aid man in the destruction of his countless enemies, which hide themselves in the cellars of trees and plants, and in the germ-grains of the harvest-fields. Therefore, he who destroys these feathered sentinels is inflicting vast and irreparable losses upon the agriculturalists and fruit-growers; to say nothing of the wrong done to the thousands of poor families who depend upon the crops for the means of life.

One mill of organized life feeds upon another; so all the wheels turn; and every hopper grinds out its allotted grist. Although it is true that worms, weevil, lice, flies, and bugs arise from the grossest conditions of material imperfection—and from human

ignorance, human filth, human abuses, and human vagabondage; yet, intimately associated with them, there also come great swarms and flocks of hungry workers (the various insect-eating birds of the air), which "mean business," and which at once set about helping man to clean up his dirty ways, and thus to purify his miserable life. Yes, these same mice, lice, grasshoppers, &c., which come like a mighty army of Goths and Vandals—ruthless invaders of man's fields and habitations—are only so many crude immigrants, great laborers and indispensable "field-hands,"—come out of imperfection to make perfection come.

The supreme law of kindness and love, which is justice, should govern man in all his relations and intercourse with his subordinates and servants in the floods and fields of existence.

When first I arrived at the great knowledge that all minerals and plants, all vegetables and vines, all flowers and fruits,—in a word, that all the millions upon millions of moving and feeling creatures which abound in the animal world, had existed and were existing for the benign general purpose of unfolding and sustaining man's organization—when I arrived at this knowledge, then my heart, all at once enlarged and sanctified by its new universal



THE NIGHT-HAWK WORKS  
WHILE YOU SLEEP.



ONE OF NATURE'S HIGH  
PRIESTS.

sympathy with every living thing, grew inexpressibly tender and bountiful to all the breathing world. The sublime solitudes and sweet companionships of affection encompassed and unfolded my spirit. Not again could I willingly divide flesh from its life by instruments of torture. With appalling thoughts

I recalled the acts of my gentlemen acquaintances—the effects of murderous rifles even in the white hands of adventurous young women—away in the solitudes of the wilderness, hunting the fish, the wild birds, and chasing and capturing the pleading, suppli-



BEAUTIFUL IN THE WOOD AND  
GLEN.



SINGING THE SONG OF PRO-  
GRESS.

cating deer! How little can such hunters really know, and how much less must they really allow themselves to feel, concerning the exquisite harmony and sympathy manifested by the Eternal Heart in

the living things of nature! Universal culture will bring an era of universal tenderness.

Nothing can be more shallow and garrulous than wild fowls and the "game of life" in the great retreats of meadow and wilderness. The babbling tongue of purling streams



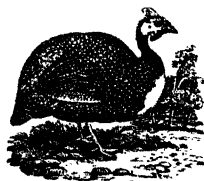
SOLITARY AMONG THE REEDS AND  
EDDIES.



SOCIAL SOUNDS OF WILD  
CORN.

is not friendlier nor more childishly chatty in conversation. Gregarious and familiar, in their associations, are the original tenants of fields and floods and forests; yet, compared with what there is in man's kingdom, to know and to enjoy, how inexpressibly lonely and poor are the servants in the immense cellars and dungeon-kitchens of the great earth!

The great round world—which has a great heart, pure and modest, and charged with finely-shaded secrets, and with privacies of great richness, never yet exposed to unworthy eyes—this great world is man's schoolhouse, his home for a time, and his vast machine-shop. His mental sagacity and manual skill are com : ensurate



USEFUL, BUT NOT A CUL-  
ERRATED SINGER.

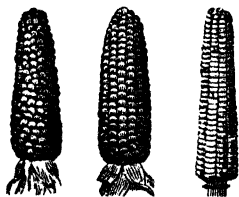
with the good use he makes of his surrounding opportunities. A whole world of truth lies concealed within the simple exterior of a garden-plant. Not only love and sympathy, not only wisdom in its manifold manifestations, not only

prophetic animal life and processes emblematic of immortal human progress; but, yet more, in the simple plant—in the corn, wheat, fruit-trees, vines, and floral growths of garden and field—man may, if his eyes are pure and quite clear, see the very essence of that Divine Spirit by which the universe is unfolded and sustained.

If you accept animals as approximate parts of yourself, both physically and mentally, although



MAN'S FRIEND AND BENEF-  
FACTOR.



NATURE PERPETUATES HER-  
SELF.

not spiritually, then you are prepared and enkindled enough to accept evidences that animals have parts of human intelligence and sagacity. With this idea in mind let us proceed to the following chapter.



#### IV.

##### INDICATIONS OF REASON IN ANIMALS.

**W**ISDOM, or rather the faculties by which Wisdom is unfolded, can be made larger and wiser by interrogating "the foolish things of this world." But the cheerful confidence and profound self-conceit of the unwise, who know not their ignorance, is a bar to further investigation and improvement. Having intuitive graspings of a few principles, and realizing the frequent deficiency of book-learned persons in these very intuitions, the unwise are sorely tempted to become elated, pedantic, and self-sufficient.

"There is," said Ruskin, "in every animal's eye a

dim foregleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul."

Man, in his high and true estate, is the animal's superior both by organization and acquirement. But man inverted, or with his faculties yet slumbering in their easy cerebral beds, is frequently inferior to the animals about him; of which unwelcome proposition let me fortify you with evidence. A noble act per-

formed by a dog is thus narrated :

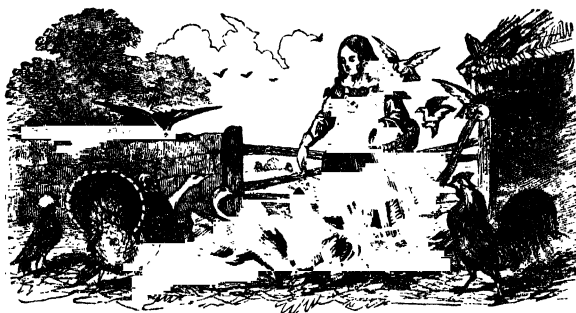
"My oldest son was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed, and ran for his life. He struck into a piece of woods, and the dog gained upon him, when he





looked around to see how near the creature was, and tumbling over a stone, he pitched off a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn ; when, to his surprise, the dog came near and perceiving the boy was hurt, he instantly wheeled about and went off for aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog did not bring him help. He held up his leg, and it hung at a right angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety, that the family followed him to the place where the child lay. Now observe that this dog was pursuing this boy, as an enemy ; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be

good men. I do not say that he reasoned in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all MANKIND for their imitation."



AFFECTION AMONG DOMESTIC FOWLS.

A story of some little chickens is thus pleasantly told by a correspondent of the *American Scotchman*: "Not long ago we received from England a pair of very handsome fowls of a superior breed, of which we took considerable care. The spring of the year being very wet and cold; we were unfortunate with the first brood, saving only one chicken. Shortly afterward, however, our hen had another brood of fine chickens,

to which she was remarkably attentive; and when they were only a few days old, they were going into a clover-field near the house; it being a very stormy day, the gate blew down, and unluckily fell on our hen and her little 'chicks.' We hurried to release them, and were soon at hand; but we found to our sorrow, that our favorite hen and several of the little chickens were killed, leaving five of them still alive and unhurt under her wings. Those we at once placed by themselves in a coop. Our little girl, then, brought the chicken from the first brood, and put it along as company for the night with the little ones. Early next morning, we went to see how the little family were getting along. We were very much surprised to find the little chicken, which was placed with them, acting the part of mother! There she was, with a very peculiar chuck, tending and feeding them; not a bit would she eat until the little ones were satisfied first! The affair became quite interesting, and was looked upon as a great curiosity. Many an hour was spent by our neighbors, as well as ourselves, in watching them; it was so amusing to see the chicken trying to get the little ones under her wings; this, however, was a little more than she could manage; but they seemed perfectly happy with their little mother, and for nearly two months got along remarkably well. Unfortunately, what has been to us such a source of pleasure

proved too much for the tender little frame of our chicken—she pined away, notwithstanding all the care and attention we could bestow upon her, and our little favorite died; and when we buried her, it really seemed as if we had lost some kind friend. We could scarcely eat, and, I assure you, that morning there was not a dry eye in our house.”



HOGE AND HENS ARE MILLS FOR REFINING  
EXCREMENTITIOUS ATOMS.

Domesticated animals, especially the dog and the horse, may be taught to perform “tricks” and to manifest intelligence. They, however, never seem to intellectually prize what they thus acquire, nor do they impart such knowl-

edge to their progeny, as man does; because animals, unlike mankind, are endowed and governed automatically by the laws of immutable instinct. This difference is a gate of iron.

But the incessant operation of progressive laws, in the realms of matter and in mind, in the course of ages re-



THE SOURCE OF OUR  
WOOLEN GARMENTS.

sults in the extinguishment of inferior orders and in the gradual yet certain establishment of perfect types of every kind of life and sensation.

Some associate with hens and chickens in the very common, yet important mission of eating and refining up the excrementitious and other very gross conditions of matter. When mankind come to fully understand that swine and various breeds of fowls



THE SOURCE OF MILK,  
BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.

are but automatic gastronomical machines for rooting up and eating, and thus forwarding for the similar use of higher organisms, a great mass of otherwise poisonous and disgusting material, most people will forthwith cease devouring their flesh as a suitable article of food.

But, returning to the evidence that animals are but fragments and prophecies of men, we quote the following from Watson's work on "The Reasoning Power in Animals," who says that horses will not only bemoan lost companions, but sympathize with, and endeavor to relieve, their living associates.

"A gentleman was one evening in the full enjoyment of a pleasant dinner-party, in his own house. It so happened that a glass-door opened from the dining-room upon the lawn. Pushing open this door, a most extraordinary and unbidden visitor entered the room. Starting up, the amazed company beheld a

quadruped which had never entered that room before. The gentleman advanced, and recognized one of his favorite mares, which, undaunted by the blazing light and the crowding round her of the astonished guests, showed by voice and manner some strange emotion. Her master went up to the animal, which trotted off, uttering a peculiar cry. It was determined to ascertain the cause of the mare's strange conduct. She was followed to a field, and the motive for her unwonted behavior was quickly discovered. Her foal had got entangled in bog and briars, and the alarmed mother had adopted this effective mode of obtaining aid."

A similar incident has been told of a sheep; in both cases the appeal for human help had a rational motive, and was prosecuted in a rational manner. Some of the ingenious feats of the more clever horses have a close resemblance to human actions. Take the following case, narrated in Mr. Smiles's "Life of Rennie, the Engineer." A horse, called Jack, was one among many employed at the erection of Waterloo bridge. The horse was accustomed to draw the stone trucks along a tramway to the places where the stone was required. A beer-shop was, of course, opened near the works, for the special use of the 'navvies,' and other workmen. The driver of Jack's truck was an honest sort of fellow, named Tom, who had one special weakness—an inability to pass the beer-shop

without taking "a little." Jack was so accustomed to this that, though a restive animal, he waited contentedly till Tom came out of his own accord, or till the appearance of an overlooker startled the man into activity. On one occasion, however, when the superintendents were absent, Tom took so long a spell at the ale that Jack became restive, and the trace-fastenings being long enough, the animal put his head inside the ale-house door, and seizing the astonished Tom by the collar with his teeth, dragged the lazy man out to the

truck. Every man there understood the action of the horse, and great became the fame of Jack among the host of workers."

In the curtained brain and muffled tongue of the animal reside the fundamentals of human intelligence and speech. No sea-weed floating on the billow, no vital current throb-

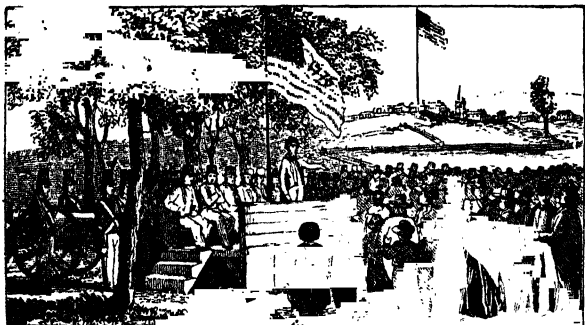


ANIMALS DISLIKE PERSONS WHO TREAT THEM UNKINDLY.

bing through the heart of fish or bird, but works for and prophesies of man. Lovingly the song of trees, with tongues overflowing with an infinite language, tell man's listening spirit that not a bee, not a fly, not a gnat breathes and burns in vain.

What would I not give in exchange for the power to put this whole gospel into the warm bosoms of my fellow-men! Gusts of passion, hail-storms in social life, sword of warrior, thunders of battle, groans of dying men, moanings of animals in death agony—no more of any of this horrible injustice would be possible!—if I could but breathe into the throbbing hearts of my peers and fellow-pilgrims the everlasting truth concerning the animals who live before, beneath, around, and within us — our small-brained, almost imbecile, helpless, solitary, dependent, ever-faithful relatives, and friends in disguise—most wonderful forces and organizations, existing and laboring incessantly for the progression of all matter, and for the ultimate perfection of the whole earth.





## V.

### FORMATION OF NATIONOIDS IN AMERICA.

**T**HE marvellous loveliness and grandeur of the American continent, crowned with open and free institutions, attract, among hosts of different natures, the most enterprising representatives of all the races of the globe. Its magnificent mountains, its valleys of fertility and beauty, its wonderfully beautiful rivers, its great chain of lakes, and vast stretches of coast washed by two oceans, its overwhelming expansions of prairie-lands, its incalculable mineral wealth beneath the soil, its countless varieties of vegetation, its electrical climates and unrivalled skies, its total and perfect adaptation to the highest and broadest and deepest

needs of humanity, constitute a continent destined to act magnetically upon the entire populations of the earth. It is a hemisphere of beauty and magnificence, of dazzling opulence and boundless fertilization, to which no description can do justice. It is open and free to the world, to which it sends heartiest invitation; and it is, therefore, a land into which the races of the world are rushing with the swiftness and power of mighty rivers.

The grand geographical belt of greatest planetary development—not many hundreds of miles wide—runs straight across the American continent, and proceeds westward until it engirdles and clasps itself around the globe. In the tides of the atmosphere, which covers and corresponds to this geologic boundary of maximum fertility, there floats and soars the celestial life of the earth. This circulatory life contains the germs and causes of the almost infinite possibilities of the globe and its inhabitants. It is impossible that any thing human should live in America and not be more or less a recipient of these atmospheric germs and causes. They float and infuse themselves everywhere, and enter the lungs and the life, and indistinctly mix into the character of every person. It is best to reside near the middle of this geologic and atmospheric belt, in order to achieve highest intellectual and industrial results; and to this end, also, it is better to exist

and strive on the southern rather than upon the northern side of it ; on the principle of magnetic emanation, which produces a greater proportion of health and prosperity upon the sides of mountains and in valleys which openly and frankly face the wonderful sun in the heavens.

All the way round the globe this magnetic and electrical girdle—an ethereal belt which mathematically marks and defines the boundaries between the earth's two wide extremes—shows where the greatest human developments have been, and are at all times possible. All the civilizations, all the arts and sciences, all the best religions, have been unfolded within two parallel lines less than two thousand miles apart. Within these fraternal lines we find the brightest human intellects, the finest inspirations of music, art, and spirituality, and the grandest conquests of invention and labor ; all set in a framework of great natural magnificence and loveliness of scenery, at once a feast to the eye and a gladness to the heart, and constituting a magnet of wonderful attractiveness to all the world besides. The history of mankind's pathway through the fields of its greatest achievements, and a perfect picture of mankind's situation and highest developments at this moment, would in their general features be one and the same—a repetition of the old pioneering, a recitation of the old wars and struggles, a rehearsal

of the old dramas and tragedies, a picturing of the old kingdoms and subjective industries—the present differing from the past only in the minor details of new actors, new dresses, new scenery, and new accessories, developing a variety of effects before an audience of new spectators who, for the time being, fancy they are really beholding “something entirely new.”



HUMAN ROOTS AT THE BOTTOM OF SOCIETY.

The positive pole of the great magnetic belt of highest fertility, after a lapse of thousands of years, has so revolved and augmented its prolificating qualities as to span the American continent. It extends its great magnetic arms lovingly around a portion of Europe, and clasps its hands tenderly over the nations of the slumberous East. But the parallel lines never vary as to their distance from each other, while yet they are never alike in their relative positive and negative polarities, nor in the marvellous effect they

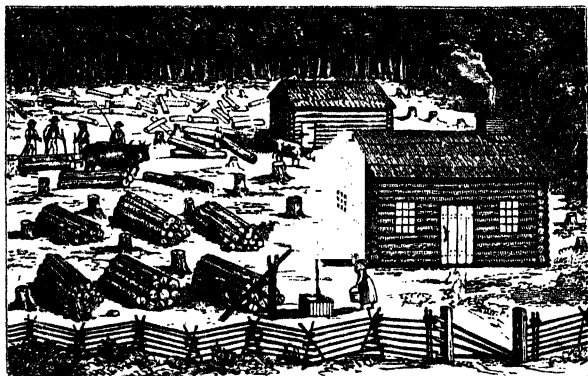
exert in different parts of the world upon the feelings, propensities, thoughts, industries, and physical and spiritual developments of the races and individuals within their reach.



FLOWERS AT THE TOP OF SOCIETY WHO CLAIM SUPERIORITY TO THE ROOTS IN THE SOCIAL SOIL.

Potential causes, which need not here be considered, cooperate with the dynamics of this nation-generating belt. In the track of these causes travel the progressive pioneers, who, in every stage of the world's growth, appear aggressively in advance of peaceful settlements in new countries. These intrepid adventurers encounter manifold dangers from wild animals, from savages, and from an unpropitious climate. They reach down to the deepest roots of society—find native humanoids in every stage of development—and begin, through evil and through good, to build the foundations of a new nation. Thus the

*Mayflower* carried the seed-germs of new common-wealths, and her crew began to lay the foundations of a new world upon the immovable basis of "Plymouth Rock." They had no knowledge of the objects

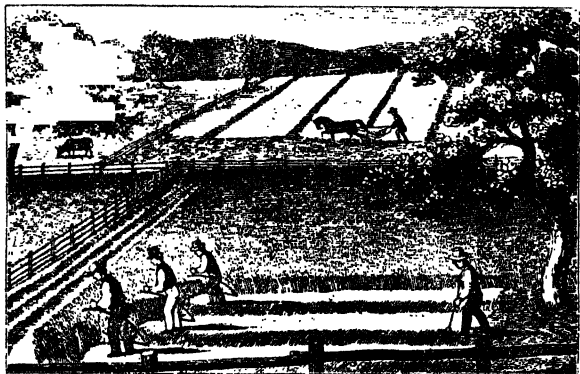


HOMESTEADS OF AMERICAN PIONEERS.

of beauty or scenes of grandeur which surrounded them upon the immensely vast continent. They did not know that they were the advancing column of an innumerable army drafted out of all nations on the globe. They did not venture even to dream that they were to establish a new country and a new government that would in time occupy the highest place in the sight and in the faith of all races of men.

Far from it. On the contrary, the "Pilgrim Fathers," with their superior characteristics for lay-

ing the foundation of a great national independence, were simply in quest of a place on earth where a Free Bible and a Free Conscience could be forever possessed and enjoyed. This, with comfortable homes and productive farms, and nothing more! They had no en-



A DREAM TOLD BY THE PURITAN MOTHERS TO THE PURITAN FATHERS.  
"Too Good to be True!"

thusiasm; no dreams of progression. Their dogmatic theology and inflexible morals, their opinionated bigotries and austerities, their contempt for that which is merely beautiful, and their reverence only for the downright useful and hard necessities of a prosaic life—all promising symptoms of powerful attributes of character and conquest—made them practically theocratic in their views and administration of government,—to flee from the wrath of which, Roger Williams,

the first great American Baptist, was compelled to seek protection and freedom in the bosom of Providence.



PURITANISM ATTEMPTS THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERY OTHER FORM OF INDEPENDENCE.

In the Puritan stock we find a variety of the hardest and strongest elements. We are interested in it deeply ; because, according to the laws of hereditary transmission of qualities, America is entitled to a great career ; and because, also, there are already signs of the formation of many nationoids upon this magnificent and beautiful continent.

Inspiration burned and throbbed within the very heart of this new world. Not political, not social, not industrial ; nay, it was a *religious cause* that brought the *Mayflower* to Plymouth Rock. The laws and conditions of Truth—inspiration and aspiration of the Eternal Right—are manifested, first, in Evolution,



and, second, in Perception. Between the first and the realization of the second whole generations of men, may come and go. Two hundred years upon the American soil, and yet it is doubtful whether, even at this day, the Perception of the possibilities embosomed in the Evolution of the Puritan movement by the old world has been reached by any mind.

In the stock and blood at the bottom of this history—which is the opening chapters of an unparalleled career—we find elements from every advanced nation. German Martin Luther contributed his spiritual supremacy; Bohemian John Huss donated the example of his sublime resistance to religious malpractices; Italian Peter Waldo sent his example of loyalty to primitive religion; Geneva John Calvin forwarded his invincibilities of doctrine concerning an unchangeable God; French Huguenots proclaimed their great gospel of religion as a reformer of government; Scotch Dissenters contributed their high principles of independence of God's church; these elements we find in the compound out of which is being evolved the great Nationoid, which, after the gestation of many generations, will certainly develop and establish a new type.

At present we can behold, as a result of the overflowing immigration and conjugal commingling of English, French, German, Scotch, Irish, Italians, Indians, Africans, Chinese, &c., a kind of national com-

pound which may with propriety be called *Americanade*. It is a mixture not yet typical of any thing promising—except to those who live by interior sight—for it is, so to say, the “protoplasm” merely of a future great nation. American characters are now nothing but humanoids; the dough of humanity before it is fashioned into loaves for the oven.

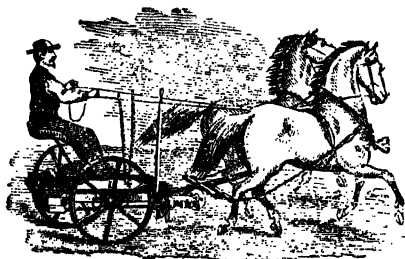
It is profitable to remember that it required a hot oven, and a baking period of more than twelve long centuries, to fashion and establish the present English type. Roman, Britain, Saxon, Norman,—all had to contribute to the new formation. A thousand years are consumed in the fires of progress, together with millions upon millions of individual human homes and interests; and very soon every one forgets the time in the contemplation of the works accomplished.



AMERICAN COMMERCE BEFORE THE ERA OF RAILROADS.

The signs of a war of races in America have given place to premonitory symptoms of a wondrous blending of different physiological elements and different social, moral, and intellectual traits into an Americanade;

which is filled to the very brim with executive inspirations—a compound absolutely dripping over with infallible prophecies of a type, which shall be absolutely unlike any thing known either in the old world or new—a type of character which shall bloom with perennial virtues, and bear the fruits of righteousness, progress, liberty, and spirituality.

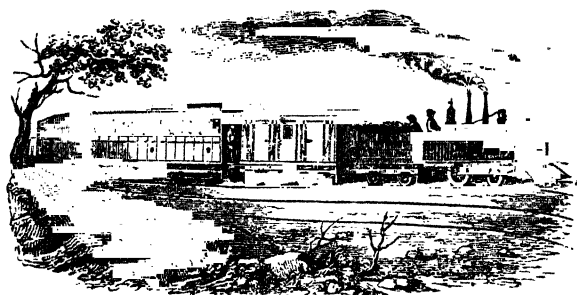


MECHANICS AND AGRICULTURE GO HAND IN HAND.

A new problem is to be solved in this appointed land of beauty, fertility, and scenic magnificence. It is to be the birth-place of a comprehensive-

ly new blending of human with the celestial governments. The epoch of theology is nearing its end. Carpenters are at work building the cradle of the new uninstitutional Religion. Along with all races meet also all religions. They are to be melted and run together into one conglomerate mass of historic stuff not good for any thing human. A prodigious revolution, a tremendous change in the feelings and thoughts of mankind in America, is inevitable, in both political and ecclesiastical institutions. Creeds cannot withstand the pulverizing advancement of positive science.

Bigotry cannot set back the on-rolling tides of universal  
 Brotherhood.



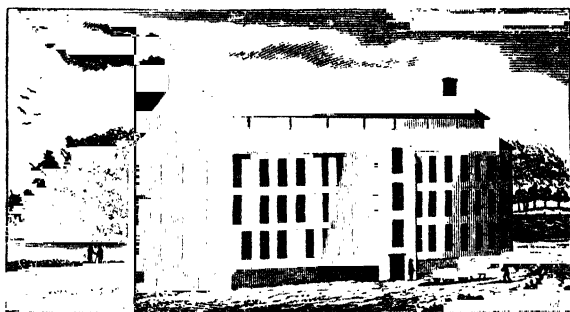
MAILROADS AND TELEGRAPHS ARE KNITTING TOGETHER THE ENDS OF  
 THE EARTH.

. The nationoidal condition of America, or rather the humancidal stage of Anglo-Americans, will account for much of popular transgressions of the laws of peace, justice, and wisdom. The bottom laws of society are atrociously violated by both church and government. Native human roots, the Indians, for example, are plowed up and thrown into the sea. Christians, so called, commit this unrivaled iniquity, through the powerful enginery of government, which rests upon the Army and Navy. But the punishment for such transgressions is hastening with lightning speed. Scientific skepticism, under the sanction of highest scholars everywhere, is the Nemesis which will crush institutionalized religion into nothingness.

Protestantism may marshal its fixed moralisms, and may concentrate its speculative faith, against Catholicism; and one tribe of prosaic believers, under the flag of the institutionalized Luther, may war with another equally prosaic tribe under the leadership of some other Protestant organization—Arminianism may antagonize with Arianism, and ecclesiastical may war with liberal Christianity—but, behold! when the great army of Ideas shall appear upon the field of battle, under the generalship of Philosophy, interpreting the positive facts of natural Science, *then* the days of dogmas are numbered, then the institutions of the so-called Christians, together with the labors of their administrators, heirs, and assigns, who made friends with injustice and with the mammon of unrighteousness, shall go down in lamentations to the caves of the mountains, and they shall be swallowed up by the earthquake, and sink forever into the desert valleys of inextinguishable volcanoes.

But still another struggle is coming! While the before-mentioned Americanade is being prepared in the matrix of the present humanoidal condition, there is to be a wondrous WAR OF WORK—a battle between organized Men and organized Money—a strange struggle, going forward at the same moment, on both sides of the two great oceans! For the first time in the history of man, Labor is to become King! The powers

and principalities of his sovereign majesty, Money, will become *subjects* of the heaven-ordained Prince,

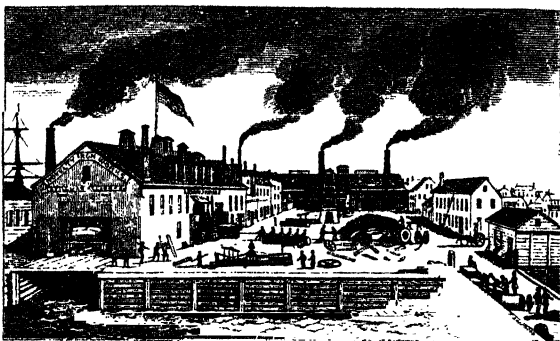


PALACE OF A GOOD AND POWERFUL PRINCE.

who will rule triumphantly throughout both continents. Black, red, yellow, brown, and white men, associated with black, red, yellow, brown, and white women, are to be together educated, and civilized, and organized into Labor Fraternities.

Labor is just beginning to be intelligent. Free schools bring forth fruits of righteousness. Money is the hereditary King—ruling for thousands of years by undoubted “divine right,” like the long procession of princes during the epochs of superstition—but, thank kind Heaven! the days of Money-monarchy are numbered, and the kingdom of Industry is about to come on earth, resting upon the everlasting foundation of Justice and Love, which are the will of the Infinite.

The new Prince of righteousness will rule for a period upon the bottom law of all revolutions—by the

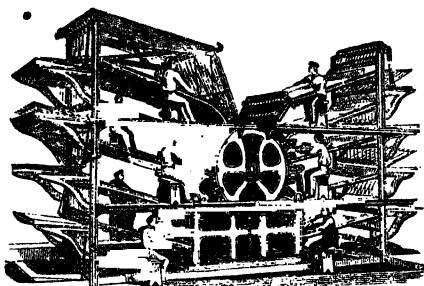


DRILLING SOLDIERS FOR THE COMING STRUGGLE.

invincible authority of organized Might. Monks and ministers shudder before this approaching crisis—bringing, as they contemplate the prospect, a civilization without morals and a religion without Christianity. The soldiers of Labor will not bow to institutionalized religion. Neither will they grope in the dark cellars of mere materialistic metaphysics. The free lands of a free country—brimfull of free schools, free bibles, free consciences, free reason, and free labor! Great means to great ends! A short, straight road to unspeakable opulence, progress, and happiness.

There are fathers and mothers, who have been educated to worship at the feet of the Money-Monarch,

shuddering at the thought of bringing up their children to Labor. But in spite of church organizations,



FAVORITE THRONE OF THE COMING KING.

and in opposition to the doomed doctrines of the monks and ministers, the new civilization must be born. Lecky, in his masterly "History of European Morals,"

after much analytical research, says that "the civilization of the last three centuries has risen in most respects to a higher level than any that had preceded it. Mechanical invention, habits of industry, the discoveries of physical science, the improvements of government, the traditions of Pagan antiquity, have all a distinguishing place, while the more fully its history is investigated the more clearly two capital truths are disclosed. The first is that the influence of theology having for centuries paralyzed the whole intellect of Christian Europe, the revival which forms the starting point of our modern civilization was mainly due to the fact that two spheres of intellect still remained uncontrolled by the sceptre of Catholicism. The Pagan literature of antiquity, and the Mohammedan schools

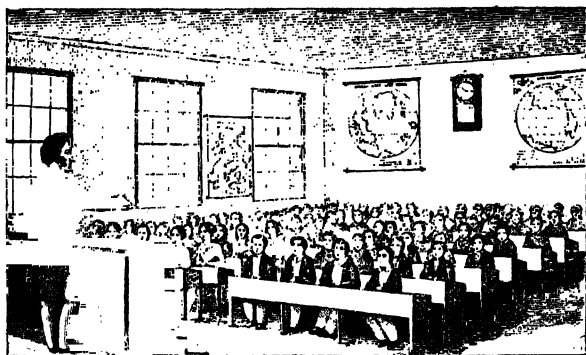


of science were the chief agencies in resuscitating the dormant energies of Christendom. The second fact, is, that during more than three centuries the decadence of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress. In medicine, physical science, commercial interests, politics, and even in ethics, the reformer has been confronted with theological affirmations which barred his way, which were all defended as of vital importance, and were all in turn compelled to yield before the secularizing influence of civilization."

In the composition of the nationoid, which is being rapidly developed at this moment in America, the Religion of Justice will appear like an angel of universal salvation.

After the War of Work is over, after Men shall be exalted above the highest place ever occupied by Money, after many ecclesiastical authorities shall have their offices filled by everlasting principles of Truth, *then* will there be seen a peaceful light shining from a realm beyond the clouds of battle; then will come to all men titles to a Land higher than the highest of earthly aspirations; then all eyes will behold softer skies bending tenderly over objects of celestial beauty; then will our astronomers discover galaxies of stars beaming divinely upon scenes of loveliness unknown to earth; then will humanity be filled with a grand

joy, surpassing all speech, defining mankind's relations to one another and to the Infinite government, and bestowing every mind with the sublime knowledge that a higher, truer, more worthy existence is the inheritance of every thing human.



## VI.

### THE WISDOM OF GETTING KNOWLEDGE.

**T**HERE are in every community two opposing types of character ; which, because of their dissimilarity, may be classified as : (1) The Originals. and, (2) The Civilized.

To the Originals all serious books, all routine restraints, all aristocratic respectabilities, all artificial methods of education, are unspeakably repulsive and unnatural. Instead, they choose to give unrestrained gratification to the wild energy of their own wild powers ; to lead a life of apparent ignorance and worthlessness ; or, as many wisely do, choose a trade

or some pursuit, independently of the schools, and often in defiance of prevailing standards of popularity.

The Civilizees, on the contrary, with all their aristocratic connections and with all their hereditary respectabilities, naturally and pleasantly take to popular methods. They become noted and gifted as intellectual book-worms; they discourse agreeable music; they glibly talk in unknown tongues; and, at last, they begin to fancy themselves a superior race of mortals.

“With finger-tip he condescends  
To touch the fingers of his friends,  
As if he feared their palms might brand  
Some moral stigma on his hand.”

Originals, who are sometimes inspirational “geniuses,” are frequently the world’s greatest heroes, its pioneers, its conquerors, and its martyrs; while Civilizees are as frequently the world’s greatest impediments, its cowards, its law-makers, and its inquisitors. Originals are also capable of being the solid and solemn bores of society; while Civilizees are invariably its ornamental air-holes and accredited ministers. Originals begin at the roots of things; they eat heartily and drink themselves drunk with first meanings; while the Civilizee concerns himself only and daintily with results. The first lives in immediate communica-

tion with the forces and objects of nature ; the second takes advantage of centuries of "experience," and feeds his fastidious wants from the great discoveries and inventions in the sciences—astronomy, geology, medicine, mechanics, the industrial and the fine arts.

By slow degrees the Original learns the rudiments of astronomy ; how the starry bodies change with the seasons ; how the rain and the shine of the sun affect the germination and development of vegetation ; and the heavenly lights become points on the brilliant face of his chronometer ; while the Civilizee saves himself the trouble of observation by carrying a watch ; by buying an almanac, a book on flowers and agriculture, and reading the outlines of popular astronomy. And thus, in the course of generations, along with intellectual culture comes a weak and superficial multitude, making a new stock of Originals absolutely essential to further progress.

These inevitable Originals, in their countless crudities and by their barbarian disregard for all the kid-glove-and-sugar-tong proprieties, appear frequently like mountebanks, false prophets, and quacks. But this, for the most part, is an appearance only. They reject with scorn the accumulations of book-knowledge, and set out resolutely to dig for the roots of things ; they have a powerful gravitation toward the foundations and essentials of knowledge.

Thus human nature, ever and anon, reasserts itself. •Through a thousand palpable blunders, through hundreds of assumptions and egotistic assertions, the Original strikes the key-note of a new departure. The first medicine-men were shepherds, who observed the habits of diseased animals among herbs and roots of the fields; the first physiologists were the sacrificing priests, who observed the conditions of the organs of the slaughtered animals; the first real astronomers were the outcast soothsayers and reputed charlatan astrologers of the most ancient tribes of mankind. Said James Martineau: "The first party of painted savages, who raised a few huts upon the Thames, did not dream of the London they were creating, or know that in lighting the fire on their hearth they were creating one of the great foci of Time." Those painted savages were Originals; they laid the broad foundations of the subsequent civilizations. "All the grand agencies which the progress of mankind evolves are formed in the same unconscious way. They are the aggregate result of countless single wills, each of which, thinking merely of its own end, and perhaps fully gaining it, is at the same time enlisted by Providence in the secret service of the world."

We ought by this time, I think, to demand a type of character superior to either now known—a type founded and unfolded upon harmonial principles; in

which Originality is essential, with its inspirable spiritual susceptibilities, and with its great automatic working energies—a type, in which there is an irresistible flow toward a loftier Civilization, through the medium of inventions and the arts—a type with its great powers scientifically and gracefully educated—in shortest phrase, a type, in which both the best material and the best spiritual meet and bloom into personal harmony, manifested in society through a healthy will and worthy works, endowed with abilities adequate to comprehend and help forward the higher ends and purposes of the present grand world.



MAGICIANS CHANGING IRON INTO FORMS OF USE.

A better type of character will come, I am impressed, with a truer, more natural system of educa-

tion. But in the present volume this truer educational system must not be particularly explained.

• Brazen boastfulness, flippant irreverence, and outrageous effrontery, combined with great natural abilities and industry, sometimes characterize strong, independent, original minds; while, on the contrary, the book-made and scholastically disciplined minds, regulated by the graceful laws and brilliant accomplishments of education, habitually exhibit nobler traits and address themselves to more agreeable qualities in their fellow-men.

What, let me ask, is the essential difference between these two apparently antagonistic characters? The difference, I think, is not essential. In simple truth, the difference is best illustrated by two equally good dwellings: the one painted, pictured, carpeted, and furnished; the other left destitute of these attractions and advantages, neglected by every fine art, since the day it was pronounced "finished" by the architect; or the same as the difference between two fruit-trees—the one left to grow and bear as best it can in its native, original wildness; the other trimmed and fed and cultivated by a scientific and purely conscientious pomologist.

"I consider a human soul," said Addison, "without education, like marble in the quarry: which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the pol-



isher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

“If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it.

“What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations; and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair. . . . To return to our statue in the block

of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes, we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes, we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings."

Education, therefore, when it is absolutely **TRUE**—when it is grounded in the mental susceptibilities, and conducted scientifically, with philosophical fitness to the limitations of the pupil's mental constitution—when the range and variety of lessons coincide with the range and variety of the natural powers, and not, as in popular establishments, be multiplied and hastened in proportion to the capacity and retentiveness of the Memory and the culpable ambition of parents—*then*, in very truth, education is a blessing beyond all speech, because it is indispensable to individual success in this life, to say nothing of the solid happiness and progress to the spirit which true education, like a good angel, brings to the throne of the intellectual and moral powers.

A chapter on the philosophy of education is not appropriate in these pages; inasmuch as this book is designed as a vestibule, with entertaining nooks and ravines, and instructive, talkative streams flowing through, opening upon something still better within

the temple ; and yet, just here, let me express my impression, in brief, that Education, when true and genuine, is acquired with delight and joy, on the law of recurrence or repetition. The faculties of thought, like the hands and feet, become truly educated by means of frequently circling *repetitions* of ideas, aptitudes, actions, and conditions. Acquisition, in other terms, is an effect of repetition, upon the principle that "habit becomes second nature."

The Rights of Childhood must be recognized and respected by parents, guardians, and teachers ; quite as much, in justice, as the Duties of Childhood, which, also, must be early inculcated and steadily enforced.

A few propositions may induce thoughtful and earnest investigation, and may result in wise action, not less, concerning, 1. The birthing ; 2. The treatment ; and, 3. The training of children. All parents, the rich and the poor alike, should, because they *can*, recognize and fulfil the following, as their Children's Bill of Rights :

*First.* A healthy physical and mental *organization* from birth ; thus, by the law of hereditary transmission, anticipating the fallacious "regeneration" inculcated by religious schemes.

*Second.* A rational physical and mental *education*, both at school and in the home ; thus, by the law of progressive development, giving the child a fortune

infinitely richer and more substantial than untold millions of gold and silver.



A FATHER ENCOURAGING HIS SON TO ATTEND SCHOOL.

One bottom-truth must be learned by parents and acted upon, to wit: Perfect and most expensive schools, and wisest and most honored teachers, cannot undo the evils imparted to children in homes where the corrective influences of justice and kindness are disregarded, and where the fundamental laws of physical health and mental growth are violated day by day.

The School constitution is essentially different from the constitution of the Home. Therefore, the relation of teacher to pupil can never be identical with the relation subsisting between parent and child. And yet it is necessary for the young that the school government and the home government should correspond

in every essential. No tyranny is more absolute than parental government without parental love; which fact is fully manifested in every seminary or college where the corps of teachers and professors assume the relations and responsibilities of parents to the pupils put under their charge. Such a government is founded upon rules, laws, and a programme of requirements enforced by marks of dishonor, penalties, and suspensions; to escape which, the pupils, simply because they are not regulated by an appeal to their individual sense of honor and responsibility, invent every imaginable phase of falsehood, duplicity, and insubordination. In the absence of parental love, there can be no redemptive justice in parental government. An appeal both to parents and to the civil laws of the land, by school teachers and college professors, in cases of insubordination and flagrant disobedience, would work far better than the system of private whippings, black-marking, suspensions, expulsions, &c., at present prevailing in various institutions.

Parents and grandparents usually delight in the possession of "smart children." Conscientious teachers, on the other hand, wisely dread this shallow and supremely vicious ambition. If a child-boy can behave in company just "like a little man," or if an infantile girl can strut and simper before folks "just like a little lady," then the boastful parents, swollen with the

vapors of extreme silliness, smile upon them with exceeding satisfaction.

• Therefore, in these rushing days, spontaneous childhood has quite disappeared behind the innumerable smart things, witty sayings, and dignified ways of "young folks," known in literature as our little men and women.

Inasmuch as a perfect copying or imitation of "grown people" is the popular demand by parents upon professional and conscientious teachers, why may we not at once introduce, as head-schoolmaster, an original embodiment of the science; so that our smart children may be exceedingly amused, while learning in early years to "put away childish things," and while studiously acquiring the interesting personal habits and manners of superannuated humanity?

A story illustrating this imitative propensity, is told of three little girls who were playing among the poppies and sage-brush of the back yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a little way apart, as near neighbors might. At last one of them was overheard saying to the youngest of the lot, "There, now, Nelly, you go over to Sarah's house and stop there a little while and talk as fast as ever you can, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; and then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get

as mad as hornets, and won't speak when we meet, just as our mothers do, you know; and that'll be such fun—won't it?"



A PROFESSOR OF THE ART OF IMITATION.

Boys imitate men as naturally as one robin sings like another. The dissipation and excesses of convivial fathers—their gambling-amusements, their rum-drinking, their tobacco-chewing, their smoking and snuffing, their silly vulgarity and filthy profanities—all these are copied by most all boys who see and hear such men and fathers. Youth convey these dangerous mental habits into schools and colleges. And sometimes, notwithstanding the frequent interposition of heavenly guardians to save them, the magnanimous young heart and the fine intellectual brain, once beautiful with the grand hopes and sweet promises of childhood, are wrecked and broken upon the dismal shores of error and misdirection.

“A startling example of the results of college dissipation is given in the Life of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the witty author of the famous ‘Ingoldsby Legends.’ A fellow-student of Barham’s at Brasenose College, Oxford, had plunged into dissipation and involved himself in heavy debts. Unfortunately there are great facilities for doing so at that university and in a lesser degree at Cambridge, owing to the long credit offered by the tradesmen. His ‘duns’ were upon him. His father had assisted him so frequently that he had declared on the last occasion he would do so no more. The crisis had come. He must have money to satisfy his creditors, or he would be expelled and ruined. He penned a last appeal to him, ending his letter with an oblique but unmistakable threat of self-destruction if his request were refused and he did not receive the amount by return of post. The terrified father did not even trust to the post-office, but hurried with his letter containing the required remittance to the guard of the mail-coach, to whom he gave a guinea on receiving his solemn promise that so soon as the gates of Brasenose should be opened next morning he would deliver the letter into the hands of his son. The guard, on the strength of his guinea, got intoxicated on reaching Oxford, and many hours afterwards stumbled up the old staircase with the letter in his hand. Here an awful sight met his view. The



student, who had despaired of assistance, when the letter-bag had no answer for him, now lay dead upon the floor of his own chamber, weltering in his own blood and with the pistol by his side. This tragic episode in college life so affected Barham that he abandoned fast living and entered the clerical profession, a step he had never contemplated before."



IMITATION OF A BAD EXAMPLE IS A MONKEY'S TALENT.

When the mind masters any thing, it takes a certain hue or tendency from the quality of such knowledge. The impressible brain, being the headquarters of a constant succession of thought-excitements and thought-discharges, takes the shape and character of that knowledge which rules all the lesser sensations and thoughts. Repetition of feelings and sensations, frequent associations with the same persons and actions, stamps and moulds the mind inevitably.

Useful knowledge in general is that kind of knowledge which de-spiritualizes the mind ; it is persistently anti-metaphysical, having little regard to changes and states of the internal consciousness, from which these master materialists "evolve" nothing ; and yet, in some of our highest institutions, what is called "useful knowledge" is in reality nothing but theory-building and word-learning at the expense of the pupil's health and memory.

A cultivated woman, who is now a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, says that, when she was subjected to an examination at the High School, a proposition or question was put, thus : "The word *Nice* ; spell and parse it ; give the derivations ; state the various meanings, and give examples of their use." This having been done, and the word traced back to six or seven languages, and its dozen different shades of meaning stated and exemplified, the Examiner then asked, "Is there another word similarly pronounced ? if so, go through it." Not one of the girls knew about it, whereupon the Examiner, looking as wise as an owl, referred them to the word "Gneiss" —signifying a stratified primary rock, such a mere geological term that it has not been into the ordinary dictionaries until lately, and crowned this exhibition of his own knowledge, by giving a bad mark to every person in the class.

At a recent examination of boys for the Central High School, a number of hard words—regular puzzlers, most of which they would probably never be called upon to use in the whole course of their after life—were given them to spell: such are *diaphragm*, *Cotopaxi*, *Guayaquil*, and *Afghanistan*.

The questions in Grammar, sensible and practical, were evidently put to ascertain the limit of the candidates' knowledge. The candidates were then put through, in Mensuration. We do not see why the youthful mind should be burdened with the acquiring a knowledge of mensuration, unless the pupil intended to become an engineer. Rational parents would prefer to have the boys made good and ready arithmeticians and thoroughly acquainted, in such a business world as this, with the science of book-keeping.

We should like to know the use of telling how to "define a parallelopipedon, a rhomboid, and a prism?" What use to any boy or man in ordinary life is it, "when the solidity of a sphere is 47.71305 inches," to state what its convex surface is? Or, when "a pole was broken off in a storm, the broken part resting upon the upright, and the top on the ground 27 feet from its foot, the upright part measuring 36 feet," to work out the sublime problem of "what was the length of the pole?" These questions, it seems to us, though they may weary and haply puzzle a class

of boys, belong, in most instances, to the magnificent Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge, might be dispensed with, in favor of something more practical and useful, in accordance with individual needs. What is needed is simply this—a good, sound education, which will fit its possessor for the practical work and purposes of life, and yet give a foundation for *higher* acquirements, should talent or circumstance render them necessary. Better a few things thoroughly learned, than many pretentious acquirements imperfectly or flashily obtained.

To return to our definition of “Originals.” The following wholesome bit of autobiography—from the faithful pen of that educated “Original,” the pastor of Plymouth Church—is submitted here as an honest illustration :



STUDYING IN A HEALTHY PLACE, BUT IN AN UNHEALTHY POSTURE.

“Did you like to go to school?”

“No, sir, I did not. I detested it—all its precedents, all its accompaniments, and all its sequents.”

But this applies only to the primary schools. The academy and the college furnished many hours which are to be remembered with gladness; the early schools not one. They were engines of torture, devised expressly to make good boys unhappy, and seldom do contrivances succeed so well. Let us see,—the first school that we remember was Miss Collins’s. Deacon Collins lived on the green, southeast of old Litchfield’s old church. Up-stairs we climbed, we remember that; on a long bench we sat, with our feet dangling in the air, and a tall, kindly-faced woman there was. But besides, we remember nothing—of book, slate, or recitation.

Next we went to Miss Kilborne’s, on the west side of the square, and of this school two things stand forth in memory;—first, that the wind on this high hill used almost to take us into the air; the wind that seemed never to be done with blowing. It blew high and low. It swept along the ground, slamming open gates, whirling around corners, pushing us against the fence, and then into the ditch,—a little fat, clumsy boy, that hardly feared any thing visible, but dreaded all mysteries, and shook with vague and nameless terror at the roar of the wind up in the high tree-tops—the great elm trees that swayed and groaned as if they too were

in cruel hands. The other memory of this school was of sitting wearisomely for hours on a bench, and swinging our little legs in the air, for want of length to reach the floor. Yes, two other things we recall—one, a pinch on the ear, and the other a rousing slap on the head, for some real or putative misdemeanor, and a helpless rage inside in consequence. But of lessons, knowledge, pleasure, there is nothing. The picture is blank. Not a word of tenderness—not one sympathizing, coddling act, not the sight of a sugar-plum, which in that day would have been to us more beautiful than the stones of the walls of the Heavenly City. Oh, why did they put such tempting candy in long glass jars, and set them in the windows, to put little wretches in



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

such a fever of longing, and to make them so unhappy! How many times have we walked the long

road to school looking all the way on the ground, in hopes of finding a cent. Such things had happened ! Boys there were in our own neighborhood who had found cents along the road, and even a sixpence in one case. There was a rumor that twenty-five cents in one instance had turned up. But we never heeded that. Had a quarter been lost, the whole town would have been searched as with a lighted candle, and no boy would have been left the luck of finding it. Still the story acted on the imagination like an Arabian Night's tale. But over against that window—was it Buell's store?—he never gave us a particle of candy, and so his name rests uncertainly in our memory—over against that store we paused full often, and imagined that the day might come,—what things had not happened that seemed extravagant to think of?—when we should set up a store, and keep candy, and have a right to put our hand in just when we pleased !

We liked to have done ourselves a wrong, in saying that we learned nothing. We know distinctly that Harriet one brilliant morning plucked dandelions and taught us how to split them and roll them up into curls. It has been a great comfort to us many times since.

Our next school was Miss Pierce's. It was a ladies' school. We were sent thither to be under the care of elder sisters. We don't recollect a single reci-

tation. For days together we were regarded as a mere punctuation-point, not noticed unless dropped out of place, or turned upside down. Mr. Brace—father of C. L. B.—used to pass by and look at us with a knowing face, and snap his finger in a significant way—without a word. But that mysterious snap was good for ten minutes' propriety and sometimes for even half an hour.

Once, for laughing out loud at somebody's fun—one had only to put his tongue in his cheek, or to point a finger at us, to set off that laugh which always lay pent-up waiting for deliverance—we were tied to the leg of the bench. The acute pain of shame pierced like a knife—a kiss cured it. For a kind-faced girl, one of the elder young ladies finishing her education there, looked upon our tearful eyes and scarlet-blushing misery, took pity on us, put a soft hand on our head and stooped and kissed us. If a cup of cold water to a thirsty child shall bring an immortal blessing to the giver, how much more a warm kiss to a crying child unable to defend itself against shame! May the angels lay their hands upon her as she dawns upon heaven, and kiss from her face every tear and sorrow of the sad world behind her!

All experiences of children are evanescent—and few sorrows have they that are not drowned in the first sleep, dead as Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. The



school was not expected to teach us, and it fulfilled every expectation. Our time was in danger at home of raveling out in mischief, and the school was a mere basting thread to hold down the hem of good behavior. Next went we to the district school.

Not a tree! Not a bush! Only a stone wall on one side and a board fence on the other. No window blinds. The summer sun beat down full upon the small, rough, unpainted school-house. Here we learned to catch flies—to crook pins for boys to sit down on, and from which they always arose with alacrity. If any man wishes to know what spontaneity is, let him sit down on a well-prepared pin. We learned the rudiments of the cost of “carrying on”—an art of the largest proportions, and which in schools, academies, and colleges is amply taught, whatever else is omitted. Our bearing was very humble. We could make a cat’s cradle under the bench unseen. We could look on a book seemingly in study for half an hour without seeing a word. We learned how to make paper spit-balls and to snap them across the room with considerable skill. But beyond these interesting branches we do not think we ever learned a thing. Why should we? Is it possible for a boy of six or eight years in the school-prison, with no incitement and no help, from four to six hours a day, and with all out-doors beating on the school-house, streaming in at the win-

dows, coming, in bewitching sounds, through every crack and crevice, to be studious, regular, and exemplary? A good, village, primary school ought to be a cross between a nursery and a play-room, and the teacher ought to be play-mate, nurse, and mother all combined. One teacher we had, young, pale, large-eyed, sweet of voice, but not prone to speak—bless her—why must she have consumption and one day disappear? And the next day, behold, in her place a tall, sharp, nervous, energetic, conscientious spinster, whose conscience took to the rod as a very means of grace! The first one would have made us love and obey her. We were even beginning. From the second we were marvellously delivered.

“Mother, I don’t want to go to school.”

“You don’t wish to grow up a dunce, do you, Henry?”

“Yes, marm.”

“What? Grow up like a poor, ignorant child, go out to service, and live without knowing any thing?”

“Yes, marm.”

“Well, suppose you begin now. I’ll put an apron on you, and you shall stay at home and do housework. How would you like that?”

“Oh, do, ma.”

Sure enough, we were permitted to stay away from school, provided we would “do housework;” and all

summer long our hands set the table, washed dishes, swept up crumbs, dusted chairs, scoured knives; our feet ran for errands, besides the usual complement of chores in the barn.

But, oh, did we not glory in the exchange? Yes, and in the long summer afternoons, when nothing more was left to do, did we not allow a good aunt to lead us along those paths of learning which before our feet eschewed?

Great is our zeal for common schools, and disinterested. For we are not biased in favor of primary schools by one single pleasant memory connected with them. They lie in our memory as cunningly devised engines for putting poor, little, innocent, roguish boys to torment because they are mercurial, fun-loving, and impatient of restraint."

A great many years after the experience embodied in the foregoing bit of autobiography, the same honest hand traced the following philosophical sentences, concerning the true and natural law of character-building, beginning with the discipline of children:

"I knew it would never do to give it up; the boy would have been ruined; I felt horribly, but I kept on, for I knew that his will must be broken, then or never." Young teachers in their first school, and

young parents training their first child, come to some such crisis, and talk of it afterwards in words like the above. After the crisis is past, and when the event comes up for review, the parties to it are not always sure whether the result was a great blunder or a great victory. Authorities differ.

A man with a broken back is usually quiet and sweetly submissive; and if the back be sufficiently broken he gives very little trouble to his rulers or to his fellows beyond a decent burial. Now, WILL is the backbone of character. To break one's will, or even to subdue one's will by force or violence, is a very critical operation. To break a backbone judiciously, belongs to high-art in surgery—very high.

An ingenious device to control a runaway horse is to shoot him; a pistol for this purpose can be attached to the head-stall, between the ears, and a string from the trigger to the driver's hand puts the most wilful animal completely under control.

The desirable end to be sought in the matter of wills or horses, is intelligent obedience. Enforced obedience is the proper result of breaking a will or a horse. Intelligent obedience is the result of intelligent education. In certain ranges of conduct, all men learn obedience, invariably. A hearty boy-baby is a natural born rebel. But he very soon recognizes his patient and passionless masters, the great stone-faced laws of

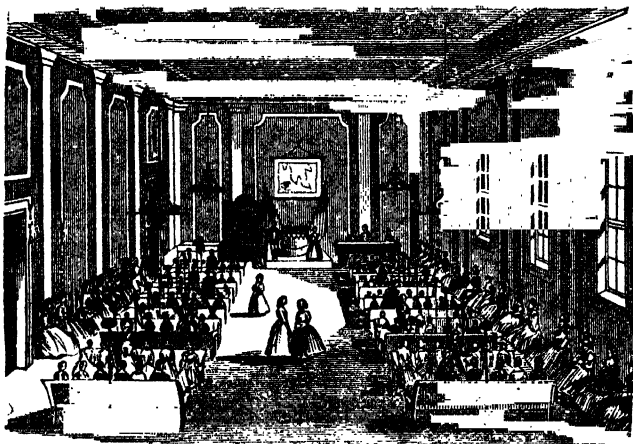
matter. The sober mahogany table hit the boy as he got up from the floor, and his toys. Straightway the boy kicked the table-legs and fisted its corners. But the table was in no degree excited by the crisis. As often as this rebel wishes to try conclusions with the table, the table is quite ready with its lesson. Two or three lessons are usually enough. The boy turns out for the table, and respects it ever afterward.

So the stove has its lessons; the hot lamp-chimney it's; the flight of stairs, down which baby wishes to roll many times, has a lesson; the hole in the carpet trips the careless toe with passionless punctuality; aching fingers teach the law of snow and snow-balling; cut fingers teach children not to meddle with edge-tools. If any parent or teacher will accept the wisdom taught by these laws of matter and of nature, he will find similar results to attend upon his efforts as he stands in the way of a child to guide and educate and govern. Victory is not to be won by a pitched battle. Let any child experience an absolute uniformity of law and administration, and sooner or later he will conform. He learns to recognize parents and teachers, not as occasional foes and opposers, but as existing facts—the same yesterday, to-day, and every day. Penalties need not be severe, but they must be inevitable. Rewards need not be costly, but they must be earned, and when earned punctually awarded.

When an artist, by a few bold, strong strokes makes a likeness, it is usually a caricature. The portrait, life-like and soulful, is worked up by ten thousand microscopic touches, all of them guided by a master's eye. And when a child is to be educated, there may be educational geniuses, who, by a few bold words or blows, at critical moments, shape a character. But the perfect work is accomplished by them only who, by daily little touches, all loving and all consistent, work up a result, which, after years of perseverance, we call success, for we have been workers with God, and have worked as He works."

So thinks one who loves little children and lives in the life of childhood.

But concerning the internal principles and attractive methods of true education, as developed in the Progressive Lyceum System, much more remains to be written, which makes the following chapter necessary to both the reader and the subject.



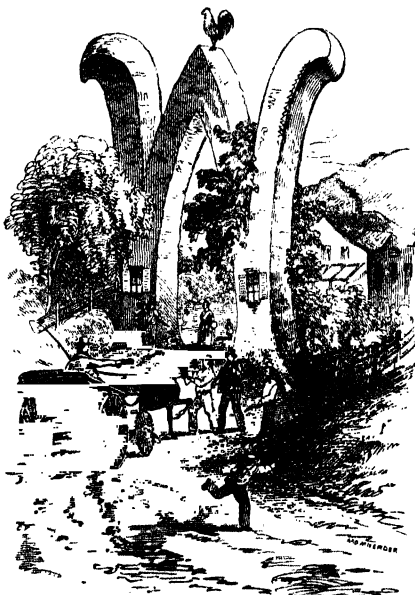
## VII.

### THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

THE Plymouth pastor, with a candor characteristic of the plenitude of his wholesomeness, testifies that he has "not one single pleasant memory" connected with primary schools; they lie in his recollection "as cunningly devised engines for putting poor, little, innocent, roguish boys to torment;" and even the ever-grateful Whittier, reviewing the shadow-shapes of memory, recalls the patient old country pedagogue—

"In that smoked and dingy room,  
Where the district gave him rule  
O'er its ragged winter school."

But, O, believe me, kind reader, a higher revelation has dawned upon the world. As there is an octave of colors, and an octave of sounds, higher than those which come within the range of purely physical eyes and ears, and therefore unknown, because invisible and inaudible to ordinary humanity; so is there a system of physical and mental culture higher than any thing now indicated or known in the popular world of education. No philosopher ever imagined the possibility of making perfect men and women out of boys and girls as they are at present instructed and mis-educated. The methods of mo-



WISDOM'S WAYS ARE PLEASANT, BUT CANNOT BE  
ENTERED BY VIOLENCE



ther Nature are generally misconceived, or else entirely ignored, by the powers that be.

Compare the trifold organization of the little child—the foundation of the future man or woman—with the world's educational methods, and at once you discern the causes why children dread to attend either public or private schools. For the same reason they dread shoes that pinch their tender feet, or garments that aggravate because they do not fit and meet the demands of their young and sensitive bodies. A true mechanic makes his machinery exactly to accomplish the end and uses which originally fired his ambition and inspired his understanding. Such a mechanic, true to the laws of his noble science, works to one great point: To accomplish the largest and best results by his invention, with as little noise, with as little friction, with as little wear and tear and expense, as is possible in the nature and constitution of things.

Judged by this standard, what must the wise think of those who invented our public system of education? Its manifold violations of the laws of mental economy, its unadaptations to the organic constitution—occasioning unspeakable aggravations and terrible losses, by a succession of exasperating frictions upon childhood and its forming character—all this transcends the largest monstrosities in the realm of mechanical absurdity.

I have adduced the testimony of a few of our best thinkers against existing methods; therefore, your verdict must correspond, and the crudities of the popular schemes must be condemned, while better methods are being instituted.

The higher octave of harmonies, and the magnificent scale of adaptations—to which I have just attracted your attention—are just now known among a few advanced minds, and is called “The Children’s Progressive Lyceum.”

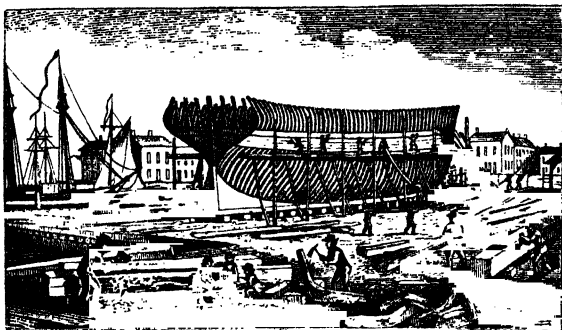
Watch the natural and involuntary workings of your own mind, when you are most sincerely like a child, and you will immediately come to a correct knowledge of the unfailing principles and beautiful methods urged by mother Nature.



CHILDREN INTUITIVELY LOOK AWAY FROM BOOKS  
TO OBJECTS IN NATURE.

Here, in this volume, an analysis of this celestial plan and method is not deemed appropriate. The investigator can find it, in bold outline, in a little book bearing the expressive name of the system. But it is in order here to affirm that its high birth and corre-

sponding adaptations are congenial to the whole life of children.



THE NEW SHIP CALLS FOR NEW BUILDERS.

The immortal spirit is the fountain. The everlasting waters of this fountain are its principles of love. The final coherent manifestation of these principles, in their totality, is called wisdom. The growth of wisdom is from within, outwardly, by the attractions of congenial methods. Wisdom implies roundness, or a perfect balance and wholesomeness (holiness), including the normal development and exercise of the bodily powers. Wisdom means also the growth and systematic cultivation of the social, intellectual, and spiritual elements and powers of individual existence. And it is most religiously believed that the methods of the Lyceum are, in every particular, adapted to the exact and complete accomplishment of these sublime personal

ends and uses. Therefore, it has been and is presented in grand outlines, with all its imperfections and unregulated details, as the most loved plan, best known in loftier worlds; of which the grouped harmonies of the physical universe, in their cohesions and varied beauties, are but an outward revelation.

Under a republican form of government, the most important question is education. The true Mind-Builder is the true architect of the Republic. Uneducated parents do not appreciate the advantages of education; while impoverished parents cannot afford to educate their children. The first bring up their offspring in heedlessness and vices; the second put them to distaining and remunerative hard work. Public schools and compulsory education are consequently demanded. The Republic has a vested interest in the mind and body of every person. And true education is at the bottom of all true progress in a government constituted like ours. A clearer comprehension of some of the ideas and plans I would urge, may be derived from a synopsis:

1. The mind is built and individualized from germs implanted before birth; therefore, true education is *from within outward*—*e duco*, to draw out—by attraction rather than by compulsion.

2. The thinking powers, through numberless repeti-

tions of effort in one direction, acquire the habit of *clear-thinking* in that direction. A great variety of impressions may be received during a period of extraordinary cerebral susceptibility; but strength and cohesion and availability are at length sacrificed to the "variety" and the "celerity" of the acquisition, and the mind is certain to be debilitated to its very roots.

3. The operations of the human mind, like the operations of all other great organs in nature, are rotary and revolutionary, or over and over again, in circles of endless recurrence, with a spiral ascending movement toward a climax or crisis, which is the true basic principle whereby the thinking powers and memory can be practically and enduringly educated.

4. A true process would naturally develop a delightful feeling of sympathy between preceptor and pupil—a kind of sacred friendship; which would open, and keep susceptible, the heart and mind of the child, investing the school-room and the very presence of the teacher with a charm in the highest degree favorable to government and education.

5. The true process is from within outward, by means of conversation on all objects and subjects within the scope of the child's observation, attraction, and natural abilities. The objects of the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms are clustering on every side about the pupil. The rudiments of knowl-

edge are delightfully imparted and acquired by this sweet oral intercourse between preceptor and child. After a certain degree of learning has been attained, by this process, the teacher may employ books, charts, diagrams, black-boards, instruments, illustrations of the arts and sciences, and every other reasonable auxiliary, to augment the mind's healthful progress and attraction toward practical knowledge.

6. Healthful progress means a correct development of the entire physical structure along with the culture of the purely social, mental, and moral. The Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Asiatics, Romans, gave strict attention to the culture of the bodies of their favorites. All children in a true Republic are "favorites," and nothing is too good for either their physical or mental organization. For the purpose of complete physical culture, loose-fitting garments are of preëminent importance for our boys and girls.

7. All time spent in studying antiquated languages is lost beyond redemption. Classical studies, so called, are valuable to those who desire knowledge of the poetry, mythologies, theologies, speculations, dreams, and fables of long-ago-dead epochs. The great living world reaps little nourishment from mind-crops grown twenty and thirty centuries ago.

8. Teachers and mothers ought to be paid the highest salaries. Mothers are prime-sources of agen-

cies engaged in modelling and building the young immortal, and they should be aided by fathers in coöperating with teachers in the mind-developing process, for which schools were established. Those who teach the youngest children ought to be most liberally remunerated. No position involves greater responsibilities. Little children demand the highest order of talents, and the profoundest powers of self-discipline, and a stock of long suffering patience; and every reasonable inducement should be offered to those rare persons, "both male and female," who can and do every day lovingly mingle with, control, refine, and educate the tenderest and youngest minds.

9. It is impossible for *one* teacher to justly educate a large number of children at the same time. Lyceum groups are consequently limited to twelve members. Experience and philosophy uniformly testify that no one teacher can rightfully control and culture any larger number. It is a short-sighted and immoral economy which insists upon crowding into one school-room and under *one* teacher a mass of children moved by conflicting ages and temperaments.

10. The school and the family must coöperate, and not, as now, antagonize; with different teachings, different examples, and different methods of discipline. Home religion—the only religion which is pure and undefiled—is morality practised throughout every

twenty-four hours. The joys of family are the fruits of righteousness. The spiritual influence of well-ordered home upon society is like that which angels exert upon strangers in the celestial habitations. Home religion is a "means of grace" to all who gather harmoniously in a circle of friendship and love, around the genial fireside sanctuary.

11. Sweet and pure home amusements, with uniform parental kindness and a due respect for the individual rights and private trials of each juvenile member, is the certain counter-attraction to vicious haunts; the only prevention to save the young from the evening dissipations of bar-rooms, billiard-saloons, club-houses, and the select party card-table.

12. Heart-development should keep step with the growth of the intellectual powers. Grace in the affections lends beauty to the face and sweetness to the body. One cardinal grace is sincerity, which is the key to enduring and perfect confidence; sincerity, the only power that can open, and keep open, the wise and magnanimous heart; sincerity, the only influence that can develop the impulses and characteristics of children into sweetest and wisest ways.

13. Happy the father and mother whose children love their home better than the quarrelsome ways and discordant amusements of the street. Professional and strictly literary men, and fathers accustomed to great



business cares, are apt to neglect their children in their sports and recreations.

14. Children love to hear true stories, and to look through books filled with suggestive illustrations. There is a wonderful educational power in the mute language of pictures. The young are keenly and spontaneously alive to the things of sense. Their growing bodies demand wholesome exercise, fresh air, healthy food, plenty of sleep, and easy-fitting garments.

15. Conversation is more educational than books. Object-teaching is, therefore, the surest primary method of imparting knowledge. It is the privilege and the prerogative of parents to select teachers, schools, books, objects, scenes, stories, and entertainments.

16. Kindle a bright fire in your beautiful home. Do not circumscribe the harmless plays, nor crush too suddenly down the noisy sports of your children. Check nothing with impatience. Approve every thing, except that which inflames some dangerous appetite, or disturbs the sacred rights and harmonies of the household.

17. In another particular the school and the home should be harmonized: Let equal rights and equal responsibilities be in all relations the ruling principle. The unjust world gives into men's hands the power to make laws and the might to execute them. This plan is founded upon the ancient barbarian doctrine that

“might makes right.” Women and children are taught and commanded to obey.

18. But a new light has come into the world. Just and wise men no longer believe in the inferiority of women. And they now believe in the Rights of Children! Men and women naturally stand side by side as brothers and sisters, and as fathers and mothers, and neither should infringe upon the other's existence, liberties, or happiness.

19. And the same principle of exact divine justice is applicable to the treatment and government of the servants and other dependents in your home. They, inevitably, have sore trials and annoyances inseparable from their incessant labors. Their estate of servitude is frequently the effect of social misfortunes—of purely evanescent circumstances—consequently, one frequently meets servants, who, by organization, possess finer feelings and exhibit nobler intellectual faculties than those more pecuniarily fortunate ones for whom they are compelled to labor. They are usually deficient in the graces of book-education; therefore they exhibit feeble, or eccentric, or wild understandings. Hence, with ardent temperaments, servants are quick in personal pride and resent with passion any real or fancied wrongs. Housekeepers and unjust mothers unwittingly cause a large part of the terrible discords in their working departments and nurseries. Selfishness is at

the root of the social *Upas*. Children receive a mis-education for life from the mal-practices and vicious examples prevailing in the realm of father and mother.

20. In a word, the Alpha and Omega of the whole harmonial gospel of education is to develop harmoniously both the body and the mind ; and to this end there must exist a harmony between the methods of the School and the methods of the Home.



## VIII.

### LYCEUM TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN.

**W**ISDOM'S ways, although infinitely diversified and immeasurable in their sweep, are yet invariably peaceful and pleasant.

But if scientists demand additional evidence to establish the theory that man's ancestors were savage inhabitants of the wilderness, one might adduce the existence of that active instinct in human nature, whereby most persons manage to avoid the paths of

Wisdom and choose instead the absurd, conflicting, and unspeakably miserable ways of Folly.

What evidence does a man possess when he is physically right? He is physically happy. What evidence, when he is mentally and morally right? He is mentally and morally happy. How does he know that his ways are wrong and foolish? He is inconsistent, quarrelsome, restless, and miserable. When he walks in Wisdom's ways, how does he know? His life is coherent, peaceful, harmonious, and progressive. Effects and causes, being bound together by the ties of fellowship, are logically and inseparably married. Their fruit are legitimate offspring.

The least logical reflection, it seems to me, will conduct any consistent mind to the conclusion, that "Observation" is the president, as Memory is the treasurer, of all sensuous knowledge. The physical senses outrank intellect, during the early years of every one's life; just as, during this life, intellect is permitted to outrank Intuition, which is the constitutional authority of spirit consciousness.

Soul lives like an atmosphere, in an elementary condition, within the senses; the spirit, fully organized, live within the soul; the eternal, impersonal essences live within the spirit.

Therefore, in children as well as in adults, the senses are first in the election canvass. They are first

to proclaim their "inalienable rights" upon all occasions and under all circumstances. Not trammelled with humility, but emboldened by that amusing, incorrigible audacity which is natural to intrinsic ignorance, they nominate themselves as legitimate candidates for the highest offices in the gift of universal Knowledge. In truth, to do them exact justice, we must say that the senses are "wonderfully made," and that they instinctively know that they are certain to be elected on every straight ballot. They ascend fearlessly and rule with power upon all the thrones of Knowledge; because, simply, they have an indisputable title to "the divine right of kings."

After them (the five royal bodily senses), comes the modest sovereign grand master within the temple—the immortal SPIRIT. The best is always last to come. Spirit, being highest of all, arrives last of all. It comes silently with the host of lesser lights, marching with the long procession of experiences, which contribute so largely to individual development.

Forever, in this material world, the senses will take precedence of both the soul and the spirit, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the conduct of life.

On philosophical principles, therefore, you should *begin* to teach yourself and your children to take the first step just right—to *observe with accuracy*.

Names and the uses of things, clothed in accurate

words, certainly follow in the path of accurate observation. Correct verbal or written descriptions of things are impossible without a basis of correct inspection of the things themselves.



TEACHING YOUNG LADIES THE NAMES OF THINGS.

Children take notice first of the *forms* of things ; next of the *colors* ; next, of *differences* ; next, of *resemblances* ; lastly, of *uses*, or rather of the *relations* of things to each other and to the bodily sensation.

Objects accurately cognized by the senses awaken corresponding thoughts in the mind ; and this is the absolute basis of all true knowledge ; and the *method*, if adopted by the world's educators, would be universally recognized and approved as the pleasant ways of Wisdom.

Suppose, just here, at the very fountain, we try an

experiment. Mary's perception and observation of things are uniformly more accurate than William's. Therefore, *her* descriptions are invariably more reliable



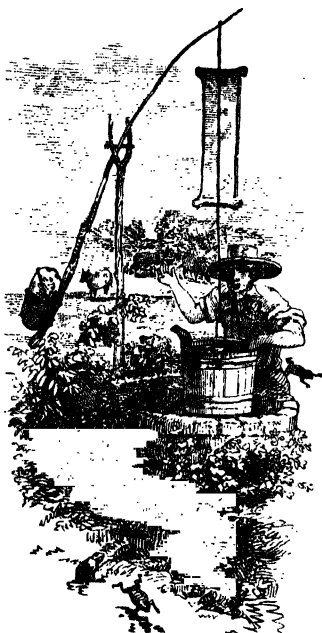
WILLIAM AND MARY IN CONVERSATION.

and always more interesting than his. Now, for a trial of your discerning and analytical powers, O most friendly reader! Taking cognizance of the picture of William and Mary, let me ask you: Do you discover therein more than six different forms? Are there less or more than ten objects in the picture? Let us look: Girl, boy, pillars, platform, horses, driver, carriage, fence, trees, shrubbery, birds, open window, and a spectator.

1. How *many* objects?
2. *Where* are they?
3. *What* are they called?
4. *What* are their *uses*?



Thus an object lesson is begun. Let us proceed upon this principle. The mental budding, the grafting, the exquisite novelty, and the enchanting delight accompanying the fruition, will astonish and richly reward every parent and teacher. "Show us a philosopher," writes a close observer, "show us a sage



LEAPING FROM THE OLD OAKEN  
BUCKET.

that a child cannot puzzle. We have never seen any such phenomenon. Roll all the wiseacres of the world into one, and a school-boy's whys and wherefores shall confound the combination. If, when the Admirable Crichton travelled through Europe, affixing his challenges to the gates of colleges, the professors had pitted their six-year-olds against the prodigy, we warrant they would have propounded problems beyond his skill to solve.

The truth is, that it is much easier to answer a learned man than a child.

Your philosophers understand well enough that there are matters concerning which all men are equally ignorant, and with commendable tact and prudence they steer clear of them. But children are bold and persistent querists. They are not satisfied with evasive replies. They cross-examine with merciless perseverance, and sometimes drive the most profound to the refuge of 'I don't know.'

"But even that confession—so humiliating to grown-up wisdom—does not always silence the youthful searcher after knowledge. He is apt to think you *ought* to know, and to ask why you *don't* know. We really like to set a smart child on a pedant. It is astonishing how the little interlocutor will worry and badger the man of books. But it does him good. It teaches him how much he *does not know*. It is very foolish for any man to give himself airs on the score of acquirements which do not suffice to save him from being cornered and convicted of ignorance by a mere babe."

The complete justice of these reflections can be easily manifested. Place, for example, before your child any picture you may select for observation and analyzation; or, take any familiar object in nature—an apple, a turnip, a kitten, a dog, a horse, a table, a flower, a leaf, a pin, a piece of bread and butter! Now interrogate your darling, or induce your pupil!

freely to ask questions. Alas! how rapidly you slide down the inclined plane from the summit of conceit to the dead barren bottom level of ignorance. The exceeding little which you really know concerning the elements of truth contained in a horse, or a pin, would astound and humiliate a far greater mind than yours. How many ages elapsed, how many myriads of men have been and gone, before *a pin* was made? Whence and how is the pin-metal obtained? By what machinery is it rounded? and pointed? and headed? and prepared so rapidly in rows for the market? When is a pin better than a nail or a needle?

All the time you must intelligently remember, that to develop *correct* habits of observation, by means of correct interrogations and conversation, is fundamental to and inseparable from a true education.

Look at the next picture; describe in good language all you see in it. Give the correct names and the known uses of all things visible. Do you discover any animals? If so, how many? What is the man doing at the well? Why does he want water? With what does he draw the cooling fluid? Why does he look so astonished? What is that just leaping from the bucket? What is the difference between a frog and a toad? What do they eat? Are they poisonous, or harmless? What difference in color? in habits? in places they occupy in Nature?

To show by example *how* to do any thing is worth a thousand times more than to teach, by mere words and silly platitudes, how it *ought* to be done. The lady of the house, instead of telling her ignorant young working maid how she ought to inspect eggs just brought in from the grocery, does far better by just going into her kitchen and showing the observing maid, by example, exactly *how* to shade the egg in her hands, while holding it between her eyes and the bright sunlight, in order to determine the exact condition of the otherwise uncertain object.



A HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

What is the color, of an unhealthy egg, when thus examined ?

What its appearance, when fresh and sound ?

What is the name of the shape of an egg ?

What is the difference between an oval and an ellipse ? (Consult the first chapter in this volume.) Show with your pencil the two forms, and their unlike-

ness and resemblances, and correctly *write* the name of each mathematical figure under your drawings.

Look at the picture again, and tell how *many* objects you see?

And *where* they are?

And their *names*? and their *uses*?



A PICTURE FULL OF MEANING.

Whatever a healthy-minded child sees he wants immediately to know all about. Who is good and wise and patient enough to answer a bright child's ever-recurring questions? Every thing relating especially to animals and plants marvellously excites the infantile and juvenile senses; thence, that is, from the sensations and reports of the senses, in regular succession, is developed and strengthened the imagination<sup>1</sup>

reason, and intuition, and the well-trained faculties of memory and judgment.

• The quickness of the eye and ear, and the readiness of the reasoning and remembering faculties to receive and elaborate impressions, depend upon the natural temperament and the fitness of the organization. In these respects the difference between children, born of the same parents, is sometimes world-wide and irreconcilable. Nevertheless, in every case imaginable, whether the organization be defective or propitious, every born child is susceptible to considerable rudimental education by this attractive method.

The young mind is accessible from every side of its existence. Its electrical sympathies flow out first toward what is most attractive and congenial to its own immediate wants. Objects with bright *colors* first; then things, which satisfy hunger, with especially attractive *flavors*; thirdly, things animated, for any thing in *motion* is intensely attractive; next, how various things are *used* by papa, or by mamma; then *sounds*, even harsh concussions, become essential to infantile happiness. A child will throw aside the most delightful playthings to listen to novel noises from whatever source. All these propositions, as fundamental to the education of the sensibilities and the development of the knowing faculties, must be self-evident to every thinking mind.

In this fountain volume, small as it is, you can find pictures, and jets of new meanings—or representations and signs of things—sufficient to test the truth of this theory, and to lay the foundation of your child's true and lasting education. Make yourself thoroughly the master of the thoughts awakened by an accurate observation of the pictures; then, in a simple and concise manner, with fewest possible words, which you should be willing to repeat an hundred times, if necessary, and thus you are prepared to teach.

Take an apple: (1) its form; (2) its color; (3) its flavor; (4) its uses; (5) its resemblances; (6) its origin; (7) the Divine love and wisdom, as manifested in its adaptations to the wants of mankind.



A PRACTICAL LESSON IN SAILING VESSELS.

Children and youth are constantly asking for change, variety, and novelty. They immediately drop

one thing for another, and they ask and long for variety and inconsistency throughout all their waking hours; because, to be brief, their mental impressibility is superficial, while their sensuous activity is uncontrollable. *Motion* is a safety-valve in the quick life of the young. It is, therefore, impossible for a child to think consecutively upon any one subject, or to feel long from any cause for joy or sorrow. In the system of the Progressive Lyceum, which is the child's most natural school, complete provision is made to meet childhood's imperative and just demand for diversion and recreative change. Children naturally need to drop the consideration of a lesson—they even need to abandon impulsively for a time the most delightful amusement—so that they may *return* to it with freshness, and feel the joy and appetite awakened by the original attraction.

In conclusion, a word: Parents, guardians, or teachers who are not constituted and trained so that they can comprehend children—can take pleasure in their incessant changeabilities, and with gentle patience give audience to their ever-recurring questions—are suitable for neither of the high-offices designated, and ought to assign their functions and places to individuals rightly and appropriately organized.

Wisdom's ways are always beautiful. They are as perfect in the simplicities of children as in the pro-



fundities of maturity. But, alas! how few there are who enter in at "the strait gate" which opens upon the temple of Truth, surrounded by the immeasurable gardens of God, and traversed by the eternal paths of pleasantness and peace.



## IX.

### IMAGINATION AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE.

**I**T must not be inferred, from the principles so warmly advocated in the preceding chapter, that my impression is to exalt object-teaching above every other method. Children do not always remain in the

juvenile stage. A few years convey them to where their enlarged and kindling powers demand higher methods of thought and expression. Objects teach children to comprehend the meaning and uses of language. "In old times," says Ruskin, "men used their powers of painting to show the objects of faith; in later times they used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting." But during the period of youth the quickened imagination—whose office is to perceive truth and to picture ideas upon the reasoning faculties—as an educational force calls for new fields of exercise. By this spiritual power the



WHERE CHILDREN LEARN TO READ, WRITE, AND CIPHER.

mind is lifted above the persistent downwardness and materialism of the senses.

Imagination, as was stated in the *Penetrana*, is important as an interior clairvoyant. Its practical workings and benefits, as aids to intellectual and spiritual development, are scarcely more than barely recognized. Much less is it believed to be the fountain which feeds all the mental powers. Without imagination the faculties cannot be reached and developed; while with it, as an active educational force, the whole mind may be made to blossom and to bear immortal fruit.

Old schoolmasters in the old schoolhouses adhere blindly, or with opinionated obstinacy, to the old-time methods as presented in the old books by the old authors. Often the conservative utilitarian teacher, sustained by the yet more unprogressive commissioners and ignorant parents in his district, refuses to impart any thing beyond the dry facts of "reading, writing, and arithmetic." The reading of each pupil in such a school is exasperatingly monotonous—without taste, without grace, without ideality, without expression—because the method of teaching is without the enkindling force and grasp of imagination.

Mental and spiritual culture, without the inspiring flame of the imagination, is impossible. As well attempt to run machinery without lubricating oil.

Of all the wonderful genii—surpassing any monster you ever read of in the "Arabian Nights" of long forgotten ages—the modern locomotive is the most

perfect. But it was first perceived by the imagination. It came up out of the vapors within the en-



A MIGHTY MACHINE BORN IN IMAGINATION.

chanted chambers of the mind. Then the inventor began to describe his imaginings by tongue and pen; and at last, which was surpassingly best of all, he embodied his "ideas" in steel, iron, wood, and brass. And now behold, O ye favorites of Fortune! behold, throughout the entire prolific belt of civilization, the

powerful genii which the first man evoked from the vapors of his imagination!

The human mind, especially when youthful and alive to Intuition, is a wondrous world of beautiful pictures. It is a complete pantheon of divine powers and high purposes; within itself a gallery of God-painted scenes, beyond the language of the tongue to

portray. Young persons, with such impressible organizations, quickly acquire a reputation for "story-telling," which is twin-sister to "falsehood;" and strange to say, both are well-born, being first cousins to mankind's sublime faculties of "invention," without which the world could make no positive advancement in science, mechanism, and art.



THE YOUNG MIND IS A REPOSITORY  
OF PICTURES.

Thus you comprehend that the human spirit is a wonderful compound of impersonal principles—a fearful arrangement of impressible faculties—which incessantly call for gratification, and for the most wise dramatic discipline.

Pictures within the mind—that is, the inwrought possessions of the imagination—call for pictures adapted to the pleasure of the senses. Modern educational literature is an example of this proposition. Latest issues of school-books teem with pictorial illustrations of positive excellence as works of art. Every department of creation is brought forth and minutely described in words and pictures. For purposes of educa-

tion diagrams, maps, and pictures appeal suggestively to both the senses and the imagination.

Science is lifting the veil, and the practical mysteries of Truth are rapidly surplanted the bewildering fancies of supernaturalism. No creed-breaker is more ruthless, no iconoclast is more heartless, than are the chariots [mowing machines] and palaces [iron foundries and factories] of our scientific and driving era. Mournfully it has been said that "there is nothing sacred now. The last holy of holies has been invaded and desecrated. One of the Pharaohs is a mummy in Barnum's Museum. A mountebank travels over Europe with a little tent in which he exhibits for four sous 'a piece of the Holy Cross.' Where the genii of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainment' once reigned supreme, there is now a ten-cylinder Hoe press printing the Koran and a 'History of the Caliphs.' A news-boy has a stand near the ruins of the Coliseum, and old ladies peddle peanuts in the streets of Jerusalem. A factory has been established on the river Jordan. Recently the cable informed us that a railroad track is being laid upon the classic plains of Marathon, and now comes the startling announcement that a telegraph station is being located on the site of what is supposed to have been the original 'Garden of Eden!'"

Pictorial school-books are food for the imagination through the senses. Eight millions of American boys

and girls demand an annual production of twenty millions of books and primers. The great publishing warehouses are stacked with food for the vast armies of children. From floor to ceiling, and all through the



BOYS IMITATE MEN IN BUILDING THE WALLS OF SOCIETY.

great length of the stores, you behold beautiful caskets of really useful knowledge. Science has brought in new text-books and advanced methods of instruction; but greater improvements and higher developments are yet to come.

From Thorndale, concerning the use of science, comes wisdom in these words: "Some poets, in their verses, have lamented the inroad which science will occasionally make in their favorite associations, or predilections. A weak lament. Speaking largely, the more we know of nature, the more beautiful it becomes. Who has not felt that such knowledge as he



had acquired of physiology and comparative anatomy (remote enough at first from æsthetics) has ended by throwing a fresh grace over every limb, a fresh charm over every movement in the animal creation? As to the vegetable world—as to our trees—I have not skill enough in language to describe the mystery and enchantment which modern science—whether of light, of chemistry, or of vital growth—have filled them with



AN ENTERING WEDGE IS NECESSARY IN EVERY NEW QUESTION.

for me. Their leaves, as they rustle, seem to murmur of the half-told secrets of all creation. And take this with you: As science advances, each object, without losing its individuality, speaks more and more of the whole; and this—because each living thing gets some beauty from the harmony disclosed in its own structure.”

The true educator may be known by one thing :  
He or she seeks to "call out" the mind's natural powers, and to improve and harmonize upon its constitutional adaptations.

A true reader is one who reads with the eyes of the imagination. Imagination is necessary to give ideas their true meaning and emotions their true expression. Tones are sounds awakened either by thoughts or feelings ; which act upon memory and the imagination ; which, in their turn, act upon and give expression to the vocal organs.

On this dramatic law children unconsciously take on the feelings and perfectly imitate the *tones of voice* they day by day associate with in the homestead. "I know some houses," says one writer, "well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. *Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night*, and the influence is as contagious as the measles, and much more to be dreaded. *The children catch it, and it lasts for life*. A friend had such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more expensive habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the

children in the play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm voice of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight. Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that 'excellent thing in woman,' a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, even to try and be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly suc-



"EVERY WOMAN BECOMES A MADONNA BY THE CRADLE OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD."

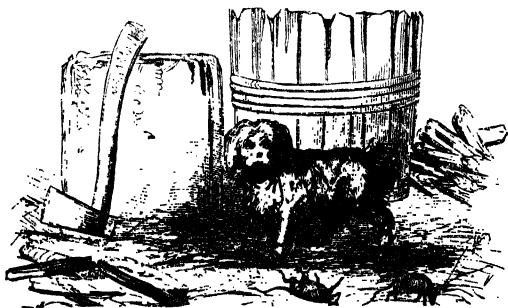
ceed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse

for them that they lighten your burdens, for they only make them ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that one tone when you are under the willows."

Conceiving ideas and making them a part of you, putting "yourself in his place," and giving correct expression to emotions, are effects and exercises impossible without aid from the imagination. The faculty of imitation, as well as the power to conceive originally, is substantially one and the same. The spiritual attributes of character, in both old and young, naturally appear in actions physical and dramatic.

Memory in every mind is furnished with dramatic dreams, events, and situations. Thus Douglas Jerrold exclaims: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at

his work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off one of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.”



DREAM OF A QUARRELSOME LITTLE BOY.

Thus life's events gradually assume dramatic combinations in the memory. Dreams, for the most part, are dramatic (sometimes tragical) exercises of the un-sleeping imagination. The faculties *work* and do at night what they think and fancy in the daytime. A

boy dreamed out what he had long wanted to see: His favorite dog kill three troublesome mice. At night the whole mind is at liberty to picture, upon its own memory canvas, the forms of eyes and faces and features before unthought of and unknown.

Endlessly diversified are the activities of the imagination. Attention is cultivated and disciplined quickest by training the mind to accurately imagine any object or scene. You cannot truthfully and graphically describe any thing in language or by pencil, unless you first clearly imagine and picture to yourself its shape, size, color, nature, habits, &c. A new breed of domestic fowl, for example, cannot be pictured by you to a friend unless your imagination is first fixed upon the entire correct appearance of the feathered bipeds.

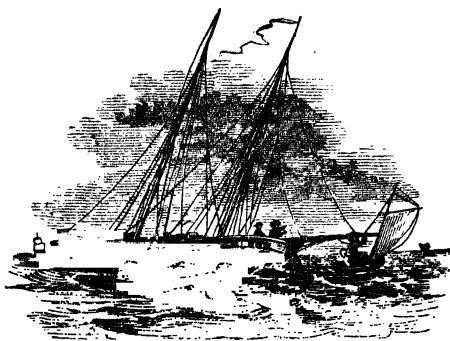


PERCEPTION OF FORMS.

This perception of the *form* is the picture focalized upon your memory. If you would imitate accurately, you must imagine exactly. This rule is infallible. If you fail in conception, you will certainly fail in execution. Bring your attention to a focus, then think from that as a starting point, from which you make a new departure; and the

result will infallibly reveal where you need development, and where repression ; in order to symmetrically unfold your intellect, and to bring out the full powers of your spirit.

In reading, as a part of education, the tongue, which should be governed by a well-disciplined imagin-



STRUGGLING FOR A NEW DEPARTURE.

ation, gives expression in tones to ideas and feelings. But why should not the same discipline be extended to the eye, the face, the posture, the attitude, and the gestures?

How, otherwise, can the whole body and mind be harmoniously cultured and disciplined? Parts of the pupil's existence, if not cultured, will remain in a state of unproductive ignorance. Those uneducated parts, even if they do not produce evils, will act like heavy manacles in after life upon the individual ; than which there are no more serious material embarrassments to personal happiness and success. If you leave a young person's voice uneducated, or his hands and feet with-

out training, you leave him with grave disqualifications for a successful career.

• The Progressive Lyceum System, be it remembered, provides for the dramatic exercise and symmetrical culture of both mind and body. The imagination is appealed to as a great educational force. Harmonious physical movements regulated by musical sounds, and various disciplinary amusements at stated intervals, lend enchantment to the otherwise unspeakably tedious trials of acquiring useful knowledge. Daily drill in an unimaginative method of training the young mind—which method is in the programme of every important educational institution—is certain, in effect, to develop an extremely *useful*, yet crude and ill-mannered, population within the bounds of civilization. By such method mankind are enriched in the immediately practical, but impoverished exceedingly in every ennobling and spiritualizing manifestation.

The harmonial plan is, I trust, by this time, made sufficiently apparent: The mind's native powers must be called out, marshalled, drilled, and strengthened; the Will must be taught to grasp and to hold; the attention must be fired with the intention of accuracy; the faculties of Reason must be plied with ideas of largeness and proportion; and the Imagination, without which mind can achieve nothing, must be vivified with truth; in brief, our whole human nature must be



unfolded, and made to exemplify divine love and wisdom—in their most beautiful, as well as in their most practical forms, adapted to the present world and its manifold demands.

But in this treasure-grasping age, when the passion of avarice and the prince of extravagance drive up the same avenue together, all my words concerning living “a life of love and wisdom” must seem superlatively imaginative. Schemes for acquiring property would doubtless attract more immediate attention. The popular creed consists of two words: “Material Prosperity.” Thus thought a writer who offers the following rules for becoming a millionaire:

1. You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.

2. You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men’s earnings.

3. You must eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

4. You must care little or nothing about other men’s wants, or sufferings, or disappointments.

5. You must not mind it, that your wealth involves many others’ poverty.

6. You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spending your time enjoying air, earth, sky, and water; for there is no money in it.

7. You must not distract your thoughts from the

great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

8. You must not let Philosophy or Religion engross you during the secular time.

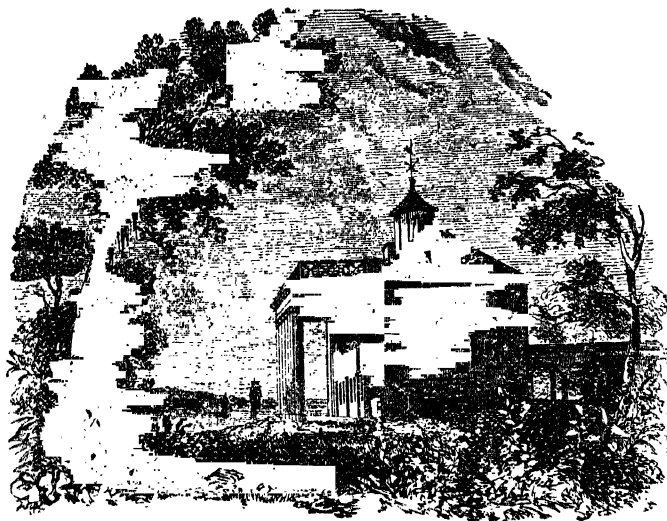
9. You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

10. You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

11. You must abandon all other ambitions, or purposes; and finally—

12. You must be prepared to sacrifice ease, and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes, and luxuries, and enjoyments, during most, if not all, of your natural life.

The foregoing rules (which originally appeared in the *Galaxy*), illustrate the truth of the ancient proverb: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."



## X.

### PROPHETIC DREAMS AND VISIONS DURING SLEEP.

STRANGE to say, almost all men, even metaphysicians, are deficient in real knowledge of the sublime possibilities of human nature. Knowledge, which is derived through the senses, is limited at any one time by the manifested degree to which the mental powers have attained by their activity and proliferations.

It is impossible that an ignorant, narrow, idle mind

should consecutively think any wise thoughts; and it is equally impossible that such a mind should, during sleep, dream any wise and comprehensive and significant dreams.

This is true in principle, because the mind conveys itself bodily, with all its conditions and habits of thinking and feeling, into each and every state of which it is susceptible. Thus, whether asleep or awake, whether at rest or in self-conscious action, the *individual*, with his ruling affections and intellectual and moral characteristics, is irresistibly and unfailingly present.

You cannot part company with yourself; no, not even by the wicked folly of "suicide."

Spiritually minded persons, therefore, unless laboring under physical derangements, are most likely to dream concerning spiritual and beautiful things.

The latent capabilities of such a mind may become suddenly illuminated. The mysterious panorama of circumstances, as it is with wonderful velocity unrolled within the transphysical realm, "cast their shadows" among the thoughts of the impressible dreamer. In spite of ordinary rules of reasoning the mind of such a dreamer is profoundly affected.

Rev. John Hall, in an article to the *New York Observer*, gives a striking illustration of premonitory dreaming: "Sometimes depression is the witness within one's self of actual, impending trouble and sorrow,

sometimes coming we know not how, sometimes a prophecy that fulfils itself. One notable case of this kind may be mentioned. Twenty years ago, the late Alexander Stewart, a Free Church minister, was called to the most influential charge in Edinburgh, and all the church said, Go. Only his own feeling was against it. Modest, gentle, and loving retirement, he shrank back from it. Yet he dare not please himself. Will I not be more useful in Edinburgh, though I lived only three months, than if I remained in Cromarty three years, indulging my own ease and feelings while God forsook me, because I forsook both Him and the path of duty? But he felt he was not to live there. After his Presbytery had released him, Dr. Buchanan accompanied him home, and, noticing his depression as he walked along the street, he said to Mr. Stewart, 'You look as if you were carrying a mountain on your back.' 'No, Dr. Buchanan,' was the reply, 'I am carrying my *gravestone* on my back.' And he never entered on the new charge, dying of fever before his settlement."

Dreaming prophetically is not a common experience; because the prophetic gift is rare.

A mind accustomed to thinking consecutively and habitually in an orderly manner, is best qualified to catch and retain the regular logical succession of night-time impressions. But an unbalanced thinking and

dream-brain, like that of the abnormally-minded De Quincy, while he was under the diabolical influence of opium, sees objects absurdly enlarged, or magically dwarfed, and grotesquely situated. The thrilling realities of pleasure and pain, and the indefinite number of experiences natural to a succession of months



PROPHETIC VISIONS IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT.

and years, are sometimes pressed upon one's susceptibilities between the setting and the rising of the sun. But the next day's labors, cares, and sensations—save in the most essential repositories of the spirit—drive such dreams into the realms of forgetfulness. Only apparently so, however; for, among the faculties, a memory, a dream, of it all remains. And hence it is that in the tranquil hours of future dreaming, which is a dramatic form of recollecting, whether by night or by day, vague reminiscences of personal experiences in dreamily remote times, as of some pre-existent life in long-forgotten ages, rise up mysteriously in the recesses of the private consciousness. Some minds are so peculiarly constituted as to experience

at night a kind of involuntary periodical introversion of the thinking faculties ; at which times they seem to themselves to hold confidential interviews, to make voyages to remote countries, to live and act in strange scenes, and to perform remarkable mental feats, quite at variance with their every-day thoughts and voluntary inclinations.

The only rational explanation is to be found in the peculiar constitution and processes of such minds ; it is all attributable to an overmastering proneness of the faculties in such persons to act and play lawlessly upon



"O, BACKWARD LOOKING SON OF TIME."

and among themselves. Inward realities, to such self-entertaining and unregulated minds, are nothing but the evanescent memories of the shadows of events in their own self conscious kingdom.

Prophecy, or rather the love of foreseeing events, or of having "a fortune told," is almost a passion with minds so constituted. And yet but little reliance can be placed upon the imaginary predictions of these periodical introversionists. It is, in fact, fortunate that, notwithstanding his two-fold life, with both sides open to both worlds, man can only properly and happily enjoy the phenomena and current realities of but one world at a time.

Nevertheless man's spiritual altitude is such—being externally related to the world of effects, and interiorly consociated most intimately with the universe of causes—he can, in certain exalted and superior moments, discern what is possible, even probable, yea, *certain*; were it not for the unfathomable ocean of ebbing and flowing contingencies which perpetually mingle with and modify the superficial manifestations of undeviating principles. But for this limitation—this inability to foresee *all* the processes involved, this defective vision of *all* the shadows of changes possible in the line of the event which is coming so rapidly on the bosom of fixed laws—but for this, and it is a mighty impediment between the human spirit and the exercise of omniscience, man could foretell and comprehend the occurrences of the future like one of the gods. "If I dream one way," said a learned doctor, "and you dream another way, which of them am I to follow?"



Some are inclined to believe their own dreams. But few are inclined to believe the dreams of their neighbors. And so in the end every one will be found to take the way in which his whim, or his impulse, or his fancy leads him."

In all cases of prophecy, yet known, there have been obvious mistakes as to time, or place, or manner, or accompanying events; all which was owing to the lack of perception of all the many and various effects which incidentally cropped out of the ocean of causes and principles. Most exalted residents of the Summerland, like our own astronomers and mathematicians, cognize the causes and laws which will inevitably develop certain natural effects.

What marvellous clearness of perception is demanded! What philosophical accuracy of judgment must be exercised!

But, alas! how unspeakably difficult for any citizen of the skies to impress with accuracy the whole mind of any one person on earth. The unexpected and rude intervention of human acts, the sudden snapping of some one of the many intricate threads in the web-work of life, the unavoidable complications arising from the intercepting forces within the mind of the medium who might receive the impressions—think of all these interpolations and uncontrollable interruptions incessantly occurring along the far-extending lines of prophecy,

and you will be convinced that it is excessively difficult, although not absolutely impossible, for any one terrestrial mind to foretell with unfailing certainty every event which may happen in the career of a person or nation.

Thus human nature is forever surprising itself, being limited at all times in the exercise of intellectual and spiritual endowments; and thus humanity is forever progressing and unfolding "something new." George Washington did not discern the immense possibilities of the vast civilized America in which we live to-day; neither did the profound Benjamin Franklin in any degree foresee the wonders of the electrical telegraph; nor did any of the ancient prophets forecast the marvels of spiritual intercourse which crown the religious developments of these days; because from each of them, as from each of us, is wisely denied the omniscient faculty of knowing the end from the beginning.



## XI.

### FALSE AND TRUE WORSHIP.

**T**RUE worship is an involuntary act of the inmost affections.

Will and the understanding can determine and regulate the act, but they cannot originate and inspire the feeling, which rises unbidden from the bosom toward the supreme attraction.

False worship, on the other hand, is not necessarily hypocritical. It is false in the sense of being, instead of from the affections, a result of religious teachings ; in which the real feelings and the real sentiments of the worshipper may take no honest interest.

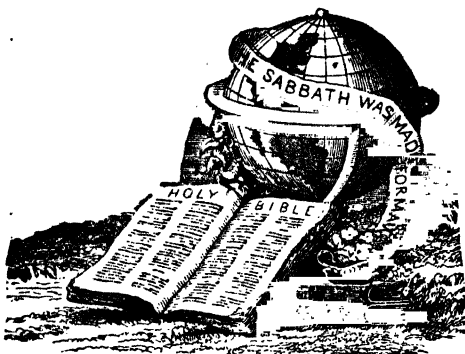
Worship of the supreme Spirit of the Universe is possible only to those who feel, and are, therefore,

powerfully attracted toward the sacred essence of the infinite Love. Any feeling less profound, any attraction less essential, is certain to worship a lesser God and in an inferior manner. And inasmuch as the masses, among the most enlightened, are inspired with no such spirituality of feeling, they will not rise superior to religious materialism.

Pagan monuments and other ethnological relics give evidence of mankind's childhood in religion. Jove fills with awe and adoration the heart of the young worshipper. The Druids, the Syrians, and the Persians worship sincerely, yet how antagonistically! They did not, any more than do people about us called Christians, exemplify in *practice* that religion, pure and undefiled before God and the Father, which is: "To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world."

False worship in religion is an attractively artistic, as well as an exquisitely artful, exercise in fashionable avenue churches on the Sabbath. The foundation of religion is believed by many to be the "sacred volume;" by such minds the *real* works of God, the universe and the starry skies, are overlooked as of little moment. In a little work published in New York, 1869, entitled the "Worship of the Body, compiled from the Anglican Authorities, and adapted to use in the American Church," we find that both the artistic

and artful rules for worshipping are, in the most solemn language, as follows :



OBJECT-WORSHIP IN AMERICA.

“If you should by any chance have to enter or leave Church, or to pass before the Altar *after the Prayer of Consecration*, then you should ‘*genuflect*’ (*i. e.*, kneel upon one knee) in adoration of Him Who veiled His Godhead under the mean form of a little Infant when the wise men knelt and worshipped Him, and Who now veils both His Godhead and Manhood under the mean and common forms of bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

“In making your reverence let it be always *towards* the Altar (*i. e.*, facing it). Your obeisance should be an inclination of the body, and not of the head only. If made as you pass the Altar (whether you are so do-

ing in the Chancel or Nave) pause a moment, face it, and bend in devout consciousness of the act. The **FIRST RULE** then is, *whenever* you enter a Church, bow towards the Altar on passing it, and also before entering or on leaving your pew. Should the Blessed Sacrament be upon the Altar at the time, genuflect.

“Should you during Service or at any other time have occasion to approach the Altar, make your reverence at the point you reach nearest to it, and before doing any other act for which you have so approached; the act completed, again bow and retire.”

These empirical rules, for worshipping the Almighty acceptably, are obeyed in the Metropolis of America; at the present moment, and as religiously, too, as not more formal nor more false rules are this hour obeyed in India, in China, or in Japan. Again, the same evangelical instruction-book says:

“You should bow at the Name of Jesus *whenever* it occurs in the course of Divine Service,—whether you are kneeling, standing, or sitting,—in devout adoration of that Name, at which, as St. Paul says, ‘every knee shall bow, of things in Heaven, and things on Earth;’ also at the first verse of each *Gloria Patri*, in worship of the Holy Trinity to Whom glory is therein ascribed. . . . Unless prevented by ill-health or bodily infirmity, you should be most careful to obey the Church’s injunctions, as set forth in her rubrics, as to

kneeling, standing and the like. Kneeling is the appointed attitude of prayer, standing of praise, sitting of instruction: therefore the Church directs us to *kneel* when praying to Almighty God, to *stand* when singing His praises, and to *sit* when listening to the lessons or sermon."



A TEN-POWER GOD.



EVERYBODY'S GOD.



A FRACTIONAL GOD

In Pagan countries, or, more properly, in countries more pagan than ours, the religious ceremonials are outwardly more crude and, therefore, less intellectual; but no one can with truth affirm that worship there is less sincere than in the

popular institutions of our country. In America there is an uncounted host engaged in worshipping both day and night the herein illustrated almighty trinity: Copper! Silver!! Gold!!!

The final doom of the devotee of Mammon is nothing less than to die miserably with a gold-fever! Or, which is

not less to be dreaded and avoided, he may die with a softening of the brain ; accompanied with a hardening of the heart, preceded by breaking of the spiritual ligaments, and the overthrow of all ties connecting his affections with the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Little children are most sincere in worshipping objects. They are true idolators. All mothers know this truth by heart.



A SINCERE WORSHIPPER.



RICH MAN SICK WITH THE GOLD-FEVER.

Fold to thy heart thy child, darling mother ! Time will quickly enough change the manifestations of the young affections. Another law of the interior life, more imperative in its commandments upon the

heart than the filial, will in after years influence your son to bow in adoration before another shrine. It is true, and beautiful as true, that a child's love for the parental source does not die ; but, at the right time, another love becomes more active and influential. Being born with organic attractions, inheriting bone of your bone and blood of your blood, does not control character or determine destiny. It is true that the



mother's offerings of affection may live and act within the child's immortal spirit; but it is likewise true that,



WORSHIPPING A GODDESS IN  
A PRE-AMERICAN COSTUME.

in accordance with the Divine decree, the processes, refinements, conjugations, and proliferations of the universe must go unchangeably forward. Therefore, deeper and more controlling than any physiological tie, stronger than any inheritance of parentage or country, is that sovereign Con-jugal principle which attracts together two human hearts, and weds and melts and moulds them into one—thus beautifully harmonizing exactly opposite sides of the universe, with dissimilarities

and varieties too delicate for analysis and too impalpable for classification.

In order to successfully propagate the Christian religion, the policy and jesuitical trickery of being "all things to all men" is recommended for use by a popular minister, thus: "When the Lord sent out His apostles He gave them what was in modern language a charge, when sending them out as sheep in the midst of wolves—they were to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. We might think that the Mas-

ter lived without prudence and tact, particularly in its use toward men. But from a human side the prudence of the Lord was remarkable. He left Jerusalem be-



A DEER-KEEPER WORSHIPPING A DEAR.

cause He knew the Pharisees would kill Him, and stayed away until the prophecy was to be fulfilled ; but He had foresight and nice judgment of men, and it is shown by His charge to the disciples. In ancient times the serpent was the emblem of sagacity and wisdom, and in that way it was used by Christ. They were to be shrewdly, closely wise ; to think, judge, and administer the truth ; they were not at liberty only to speak the truth, but to be circumspect at times, even to be silent, or to tell only a part of the truth. Men might have an impression that this was worldly

polity, but it does not change the fact that it is the duty of a man to employ all his foresight in the cause of Christ, and adapt himself to circumstances. But no man may use the weaknesses of his neighbor for his own selfish good; but if you can use them to make him better, more virtuous, or more Christian, do it. *The true way is to be all things to all men, if by so doing some may be saved.* A Christian is clipper-built and glides along smoothly, but the blusterer has broad bows and makes a great fuss in the waters. To the Jews Paul was a Jew, to the Gentiles he was a Gentile. Rampant frankness had no discrimination and did no good, but the men who did the church most



ORIGIN OF THE ART OF BEING "ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN."

service as administrators and organizers have been wise as serpents. But they must be also harmless as doves, and make that impression upon outside men."

Such language, notwithstanding its evident sincerity, is the language of one who prays for the success of a particular creed or system of religion. Not such policy deterred nor governed the good Channing. He said: "The very religion which was adapted to exalt human nature, has been used to make it abject. The very religion which was given to create a generous hope, has been made an instrument of servile and torturing fear. The very religion which came from God's goodness to enlarge the soul with a kindred goodness, has been employed to narrow it to a sect, to rear the Inquisition, and to kindle fires for the martyr. The very religion given to make the understanding and conscience free, has, by a criminal proversion, sent to break them into subjection to priests, ministers, and human creeds. Ambition and craft have seized on the solemn doctrines of an omnipotent God, and of future punishment, and turned them into engines against the child, the trembling female, the ignorant adult, until the skeptic has been emboldened to charge on religion, the chief miseries and degradation of human nature."

The first minister quoted, said: "If you can use the weaknesses of the neighbor to make him more Christian, do it." On the other hand, the second minister boldly denounces "wise as serpents" doctrine, with its correlation of "all things to all men," as a criminal attempt to "subject man to priests and hu-

man creeds.” With clearer and worthier vision a wise, womanly writer said: “Religion is the true, the only reformatory power. She sometimes wears one garment, sometimes another—the crown of art, the veil of philosophy, the hard and shining armor of the law. All of these by turns disguise her, and when these various forms effect any thing, we find that religion was at the bottom of what was done. Our applications of religion are often defective, often at fault. Men build stone cathedrals in place of living temples, and invent stony creeds in place of discovering vital doctrines. In view of this I would repeat one of the prayers familiar to my youth. I was taught long before I knew any thing of spiritual or other anatomy, to pray that God would take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh. So now I will pray that God would take away our church of stone and give us a church of flesh, with the living blood of the body politic circulating through it.”

Throughout Christendom, especially in Catholic countries, “the cross” is reverently regarded by authority. By many religionists it is well-nigh worshipped. Within the sacred temples of monastic days, as well as within the groves and along the rivers of the classic lands, the crucifix is lifted and kissed as the symbol of an infinite God’s own personal sufferings and tragical local sacrifices for the inhabitants of this

little seventh-rate globe. "The custom of making the Sign of the Cross," says the authority quoted, "is as old as Christianity itself, and is mentioned by the earliest writers.

It is done by touching first the forehead and then the breast with the fingers of the right hand, and then in a similar way making a line across the breast from left to right. You should at least practice this venerable custom *before* and *after* engaging in public and private prayer, at the same time invoking the Holy Trinity, say-

ing '*In the name of the Father*' as you touch the forehead, because the Father is head of all things; '*and of the Son*' as you touch your breast, because the Son was begotten of the father; '*and of the Holy Ghost*' as you draw the line from left to right across the breast, because the Holy Ghost is co-equal with the Father and the Son. Thus the Sign of the Cross



THE CHRISTIAN'S EMBLEM.

is not only a token that you begin and end your service trusting in the merits of your crucified Lord, but it is also a beautiful symbol of your faith in the Blessed Trinity."



PICTURE OF  
AN IDOL

In the sight of other eyes, from which look minds and hearts belonging to the progressive school of faith and works, "the Cross" is nothing more than *a relic* of an ancient semi-civilized method of publicly and ignominiously executing persons convicted of capital crimes. "During the middle ages," says a candid writer, "a famous instrument of death, called the Maiden, was in use. It was the figure of a beautiful virgin placed in the niche of a prison-cell to represent the adorable Madonna. The prisoner, exhausted by fasting and torture, and turned into this cell, falls in supplication before this image, which is contrived to open its arms, as if to invite his bewildered fancy to a protecting embrace. He rushes into the trap; the arms close, and a thousand knife-blades kiss his life away. Such is the religion of every kind of oppression."

With this diabolical virgin-punishment we are, by the imperative promptings of both truth and humanity, compelled to classify every ancient and modern plan for inflicting suffering and mortification. Therefore the rack, the gibbet, the wheel, the guillotine, the gallows, and "the cross," we classify and impale together

as so many monstrous human inventions for overcoming and punishing evil with evil. Not one of these inventions merits the least exaltation ; for each alike is nothing but an emblem of man's ignorance, retaliation, and cruelty. The sign of the modern gallows, and not the sign of the ancient cross, should be made by every devout American. Harmonialists accept as worthy of perpetuation none of these old-time inventions ; and yet, as F. L. H. Willis, in a moment of inspiration, said—

“ We can look on scenes of glory  
That no artist can reveal ;  
Though no saints are in our niches,  
Carved from blocks of faultless stone,  
Yet we know that saints are with us  
Helping all our labors on.  
All the pomp, and pride, and fashion,  
Priests once gave to church and fane ;  
But we give to saints immortal  
Wealth that loving hearts contain.  
They once thought to enter heaven  
By the wafer and the wine,  
But we seek the living water,  
And we ask for bread divine.  
Holy spirits ! ye who usher  
In the day of truth and love,  
Bring us gifts from off the altars  
Of your own blest spheres above.  
Then we'll feel the fire of heaven  
Kindling in our waiting hearts,



And we'll know our God is with us  
By the life its warmth imparts ;  
And as true and loving brothers  
We will wage a noble strife—  
Daily met in one great temple  
Of a true harmonious life,  
'Mid whose high and fretted arches  
We may hear the angels sing,  
To whose fair and unstained altars  
We may every purpose bring.  
Thus the temple shall be builded,  
Reaching to the heavens above :  
Consecrate to God the Father,  
Because built of human love."

Impressed with the beauty and mystery of the *Wheel*, the ancients erected it into an object of worship. Ethnological researches, bringing to light the devices and designs of diverse kinds of art, architecture, and religion, disclose the most popular forms and objects of primeval worship. Wheel-worshippers began with the figure of the *Circle* ; and the *serpent*, with its imagined death-dealing, healing, and life-giving qualities, was the accepted symbol. The prophet Ezekiel frequently refers to the wheel, with indefinite intimations of its profound mysteries. For myself, since perceiving the eternal elements enfolded by the ellipse as a mathematical figure, I could bow to "the circle" as reverently and as sincerely as Christians

uncover before "the cross," making its sign with a prayer for recognition and protection. The pre-empted proprietors of the "Garden of Eden" unjustly claim to have originated the Wheel-and-Serpent religion. Whether Adam introduced the *Tree-worship* and Eve the *Serpent-worship*, or the reverse, is as yet unhappily an open question. The truth is that, except the empire of China, the serpent-wheel religion has had devotees in all parts of the world. Until the reign of Hezekiah, the image of the serpent was worshipped by certain tribes of Jews, during more than six hundred years; because they, in common with many sects of Asia and the East, supposed the serpent to be in some mysterious manner a representation of both the creative and the destroying deities. Of course, the most ignorant believers worshipped the Serpent *itself*, instead of the particular deity which it was originally designed to conspicuously represent; just as, in our more enlightened day, the most ignorant among Christians revere and worship the *cross*, the *church*, the *Bible*, and other *images*, instead of the life that led to the Martyrdom, the Truth, the Spirit, and Nature, which are the only real realities worthy of all adoration and obedience.

Sincere and true worship may be outward and objective, or interior and subjective; but invariably the act is in accordance with the real moral and intellect-

ual growth of the worshipper. False worship, on the other hand, is in accordance with the individual's religious instructions, social temptations, and governing circumstances. The kind-hearted lover of the noble horse is sincerely filled with admiration (possibly



THE IDOL OF MANY.

with emotions amounting to adoration), for the majestic and full-blooded beauty. While the purely intellectualist, the man devoted to the wonders of antiquity, of research in science, glorying over and feasting upon the great wealth of literature—such a

man is a devotee at the shrine of Genius—and *books*, instead of running brooks, are his supreme and all-absorbing attraction.

A distinguished writer once dared to express in verse the thoughts and meditations of every rational observer.

In a style of unaffected simplicity, which is only equalled by the plainness of his speech, he wrote :



BIBLIOLATRY.

I stood at the door of God's temple one day,  
And gazed at the throng as they entered :  
I studied each face, as they passed up the aisle,  
To find out on what their thoughts centred.

And I judged, from the looks that the most of them wore,  
And the glances they cast at their dresses,

That they worshipped, instead of their Father above,  
The diamonds they wore in their tresses.

And I thought, as I stood looking silently on  
Until all the throng had been seated,  
If this is the way they worship their God,  
I am sure He is very ill-treated.

Then I turned me away, my soul's feelings to hide,  
And wandered to where, in the wildwood,  
I could hear the birds sing their joyful songs,  
As sweet as in days of my childhood.

And I seated myself by the side of a brook,  
On a time-worn and moss-covered stone ;  
And I said to myself, with a sigh of relief,  
"I will worship my God here alone.

"And the sweet birds that sing in the tops of the trees  
Shall waft to the throne songs of love,  
While my heart shall go out, in its fulness, to Him  
Who reigneth in mercy above "



## XII.

### ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

**T**RUE prayer, oral or silent, is born of the bosom, not of the brain. It is the legitimate child of emotion, undisturbed by skeptical suggestions of the intellect. Hence as a purely spiritual exercise, springing from the love-gravitation of the finite toward the attraction of the Infinite, prayer is likely to include a great variety of conflicting elements; among which may be mentioned—fervency, rapture, inconsistency, selfishness, mystery, shallowness, awe, reverence, egoism, conceit, fear, worship, confidence, rest, and joy.

Spirit is the source of the emotion which seeks to utter itself in prayer. Closet prayers are petitions for benefits, or expressions of gratitude, or praise, or submission, too deep for words, whispered to the Infinite from the divine silence of the sincere spirit.

The earnest and sincere nature is invariably devout and prayerful. Devotion is the allegiance and bestowment of mind to its labors, objects, and enterprises. A mind, sincere and earnest, but not intelligent, prays to the gods for special favors. The God conceived by such a mind is not unchangeable. He thinks, or rather he unthinkingly believes, that praying "without ceasing," or that human entreaties uttered in profound faith, may attract God's attention, overcome His original reluctance to granting personal favors, and may possibly induce Him, "just for this once," to modify or suspend the operation of natural laws and causes.

A mind capable of such a conception is happily incapable of perceiving the detrimental blasphemy involved. Nor does such a mind realize the equal sincerity and earnestness of every other devotee attached to the conflicting forms of religion in other parts of the globe. From hundreds of minarets, throughout the vast empire of the Sultan, at this very hour, the faithful are forwarding sincerest petitions to God—asking that infidelity (by which they mean Christianity) be destroyed, that Mahomet be univers-

ally accepted as prophet, and the Koran received by mankind as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. With no more sincerity the faithful in the dif-



READING WITH CHRISTIAN EYES.

ferent Christian churches, beginning with the head of the papal system and ending with the youngest exhorter in a camp-meeting, are praying for favors and results entirely antagonistic. Warriors pray to the God of Battle; peace-makers petition a God of Love. Reading with Christian eyes, and pray-

ing with the emotions familiar to the catechismally-educated Christian heart, pass for nothing in those immense regions where, for twelve hundred years, the Mohammedans have sincerely prayed to Allah, which is only another name for "God." On the other hand, in countries over which the religion of the Jews and converted Gentiles prevails, under the general term of Christianity, the reading and devout praying of the

followers of Buddha, Brahma, or Mahomet, pass for nothing. And yet all praying is essentially the same, differing in expression only as there is difference in the birth, temperament, and education of the individual.

A child-state of mind is essential to fervent and rapturous prayer. Every thing wonderful is possible in the ignorant mind. The absolute impartiality of God, and the irreversible and eternal unchangeableness of Nature's laws, are ideas impossible to be understood by partial and fickle persons. In the beginning man made God in his own image and likeness; and unto this primal masterpiece man has ever since addressed his childlike prayers. It is related that a little boy of

Provincetown, four years old, very anxious for a drum, the evening preceding Christmas Eve, on going to bed, uttered the following earnest prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep," *I want a drum*, "I pray the Lord," *I want a drum*, "my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake," *I want a drum*. And his prayer was answered!



PRAYER OF THE BEGGAR-GIRL.



The universal practice is to pray upon the theory that the Infinite expects and requires of finite creatures vocal recognition, glorification, and entreaty. This fallacious theory has resulted in universal routine praying—a sort of Sabbath-drill and periodical drive at the original source of every blessing—so that the phraseology of prayer, as well as the peculiar emotions volitionally summoned to stimulate vocal utterance, have become wearily monotonous and blasphemously



PRAYER BY MAN TO MAN IN POWER.

mechanical. As a labor-saving expedient, the more logical, yet not less sincere, heathen have instituted divers praying-machines; which, it is affirmed, uniformly maintain an untarnished reputation for “good morals,” and demand nothing by way of salary for religious “services rendered.”

Enthroned human power, which means influence

embodied in place or genius, commands respect and compels worship. "Hero-worship," is the homage paid by awe-struck and submissive idolators to the personification of power. The prone spirit of prayer is present in all such adoration. It is this spirit of sycophantic subserviency which urges men to surrender their natural rights, and to sign: "We are your Lordship's humble and obedient servants." Obedience to constituted authority is necessary to private and public order. With such obedience is mingled the element of conscience or duty. But it is manifestly every man's higher duty, all his life long, to search out and obey the Truth. "His Worshipful Highness," is the utterance of a devotee. The primal impulse is the same, only directed with different thoughts, when the tongue substitutes the words—"O thou, Lord God Almighty."

An ardent, poetic temperament, stimulating a mind much more developed in the moral faculties than in the intellectual, is most successful in expressing the beauty of holiness in prayer. Only religious poets, during their youthful epochs, can reach the climax of inspiration in utterance.

True prayer is the glowing and graceful expression of the virgin imagination, warmed and fed by spiritual passion and devout meditation. Religious feeling is the poetic brooding of the spirit. It is cherished most

devotionally in youth. And being an intimation of, that infinite and eternal life of which the spirit is mysteriously a part, the feeling grows in the most inmost secrets of the heart, and is revealed often in the passionate and picturesque language of prayer. Analysis of the development and formation of the religious character would reveal elements which are indispensable to a true poetic genius—such as childhood, with its apprehensive and clinging consciousness of dependence; love of solitude, with its unconquerable melancholy and brooding; love of the supernatural, with its delicate imaginations and bold appreciations of the Supreme Power; love of ideas, with its conflicting consciousness of ignorance and intuition strangely intermingled; and, lastly, the love of life, with its moods and mysteries, with its loneliness and associations, with faith and doubts, attempts, failures, reveries, sorrows, and despair—these elements, in states more or less active, are to be found in the composition of the sincerely religious character, especially during the earlier years of its development.

Finite good within yearns toward the Infinite good. The spirit's natural impulse is to enlist in God's service; and prayer is the formal act of enrollment. The ambition to be an officer, and not a private, in the Lord's army, is deemed a holy ambition. The protection of the Almighty is a feeling with which eternal

love and assistant angels clothe every human heart that truly pours itself out in prayer.

• A young and recently consecrated clergyman is most enthusiastic in feeling ; and he is on most familiar and affectionate terms with God. His feeling of “power from Heaven” is equal, in his own estimation, to the might of ten times ten thousand sinners. He fights valiantly under the war-standard of the Almighty. It is, perhaps, a great happiness that he is not disturbed with the fact that thousands of persons—his equals in position, ability, industry, and sincerity—have entered God’s service through fervent and constant prayer, uttered before altars in pagodas and in countries where the Christian’s bible and plans of salvation have never been heard of. Was is not somewhat youthful to write in the following style? “In your *lonely* prayers are the springs of all prayerful influence. What mighty heroes have sprung from that closet-communion ! O, those wells that gushed in God’s sight only ! That outcry in secret to God ! What great life has come from private prayer ! Christianity was born in Gethsemane. Cromwell’s soldiers, beneath their iron armor, wore private prayer, and that is the reason they whipped the dashing cavaliers. The old Covenanters tore their knees upon the rocks in wrestlings with themselves, and then went to martyrdom as to a feast. We owe it to the Puritan pri-

vate prayer that we have this Republic to-day. Not to talents alone, not to genius, not to tact, is the world in debt; but to the prone soul in the shut chamber. O, when you hear the tramp of armies, do you think *they* win the day? No! but God's step in the soul's communion."

There is doubtless a certain correspondence between a man's life and his prayers; not because of his prayers, but because of the mental and moral condition out of which his petitions are spoken. A wicked-minded man is insane. He is ungrateful and turbulent; like the tempest, he is full of discords and destruction. He is no poet, and his whole life is covered with the clouds of calamities; his ship is tossed in the waves of woes and passion; so that, unless he selfishly supplicates for help, he is a stranger to every kind of prayer.

Religious persons, on the contrary, believe that every day, like every great labor, should begin and end with prayer. This systematic plan, under God's blessing, it is believed will make the day and the labor prosperous. But all experience proves that obedience to the laws of truth and justice is attended with far greater happiness and prosperity. The history of the American nation, like the career of every other people, indicates that divine principles, *when obeyed*, and not prayers uttered either by priests or citizens, accom-

plished all the real prosperity it ever enjoyed. Our Congress has a chaplain. "I heard him pray this morning," writes a correspondent to the *Independent*. 'I haven't a doubt but he intended to offer it to the Lord, that loud-rolling, oratorical prayer; but it sounded very much as if it were addressed to the senators. Half the public prayers we hear seem to bound back from the ceiling. I wonder how they seem to the Lord, these astonishing literary performances made at His feet, in which he receives much curious information concerning His universe and the way to manage it! I know I am not a standard in such matters. I couldn't throw out my arms, throw back my head, and lift up my voice in rolling thunder to the Almighty, if I would; and I would not, if I could. Therefore, I'm no criterion while I say that if every senator bowed his uncovered head in silent supplication it would be much more impressive as an act of worship than all the rhetoric which ever rolled heavenward from the desk."

"Would'st thou know the lawfulness of the labor which thou desirest to undertake?" asked Enchiridon. "Let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing; if it be lawful, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart." That is to say, a man must first desire to do good, and his exertions

must correspond with his desire, before he can realize much strength and comfort from prayer. Such prayers are simply right actions. The firmest will and the toughest muscles give out eventually in a bad cause; while in the cause of truth, love, justice, and peace, success is certain at last to crown the weakest and humblest laborer. Who would attempt to pray for a harvest without having first plowed and planted the ground? Prayer is a healer of diseases; only when faith is sufficient to stimulate the will-power, whereby



PRAYERS WHICH ANSWER THEMSELVES.

crippled functions are aroused to new life. Prayer feeds the poor, only when some attending angels bring aid from the rich; but this is an end not easily or frequently accomplished. Labor, righteously and persistently bestowed, is the surest self-answering prayer,

and it never comes without the blessings and sweet benedictions of God and Nature.

It is mental infancy which believes in a fickle and wrathful God. Believers in supernatural warnings, and in sudden strokes from the throne of omnipotence, are ignorant of the laws of reason and science. A clap of thunder, which is utterly without power to harm, is more alarming to the ignorant than the flash of lightning which alone can destroy. So with all ideas among the superstitious concerning the efficacy and mystery of prayer. They think that a roaring Methodist petition, let off at the top of the voice, will quicker attract God's attention than the unspoken "*good wish*," which, like the "God bless you" of an angel's whispered prayer, throbs and burns before high heaven, noiselessly, in the sweet sanctuary of the sincere heart.



MEN SAVING THEMSELVES.

Attributing horrible deeds to God's direct agency belongs legitimately to the era of oral and noisy praying. In Richmond, Va., within a few months, there occurred a terrible scene; about which one of "the great dailies" thus most wisely discourses: "It is a



weakness of clergymen to attribute to providential agency, as either directly or indirectly manifested, the most horrible of deeds. In this particular case we find the Rev. Mr. Hepworth gravely asserting that 'there was a God in it; it was no blind accident.' Rev. Mr. Smyth, discoursing on the same subject, held that homes were made desolate and hearts cruelly wrung because of political injustice, which was true enough; but he followed up these ideas by indirectly expressing the conviction that the accident was due to a special visitation of Providence. In Washington, the Rev. Mr. Barry, after declaring that 'God moved in a mysterious way,' applied this quotation from the hymn to the disaster, by saying that 'the Richmond catastrophe and similar calamities only illustrate the fact of God's providence. Such things are not the work of chance.' We could quote from several other sermons to show that all the preachers were of one mind; but these will suffice for our purpose.

"Now, with all due respect to the clergymen, we must differ with them in their conclusions. The Richmond accident was due to purely natural causes, or rather to the disobedience of laws laid down by nature. We cannot see wherein the Lord had any thing to do with the giving way of the floor. Ignorant architects, and not Providence, are responsible for the killing and maiming of nearly two hundred persons.

There was not, and is not, the slightest evidence of the supernatural having been concerned in the disaster. Certain pillars which had supported the floor had been injudiciously removed, thereby weakening the power of the beam to support a heavy weight. For the first time, probably, since the alterations were made the court room was densely crowded. As a natural consequence the laws of gravitation asserted themselves; the girder gave way, and the mass of human beings was precipitated to the floor beneath to meet death or wounds. Here we have a clear, simple explanation of the affair. Nowhere in it can we see the hand of Providence. Nothing occurred which cannot be accounted for on purely natural grounds.

“If we are to agree with the preachers that the Almighty deliberately cut off from earth some sixty persons, mangled the bodies of more than one hundred others, brought misery and penury to many domestic circles and plunged an entire community in mourning, why shall we not hold Him responsible for the commission of every frightful act? Shall we hold that when one man murders another the hand of Providence is apparent in the deed? Are all the horrible and nameless crimes almost daily committed the work of God? If they are, then nothing is left for Satan to do. Certainly, when we reflect that the victims of the Richmond disaster were not more sinful than the ma-

majority of men, it seems very much as if the King of Evil had more to do with it than the God of mercy and righteousness. One's faith in the divine truths of Christianity would be much shaken if the belief could find lodgment in the mind that to the direct agency of Providence is due all, or a great part, of human woe and misery. No; mysterious as are God's ways, they do not manifest themselves in such horrors as that which occurred at Richmond last week. The Infinite mind seeks not thus to impress its power upon sinful humanity, and we must, therefore, dissent from the views of those clergymen who argue that it does. And more; in leaving this subject we must give expression to the profound conviction that one of the great reasons for the wide-spread scepticism of the age is to be found in clergymen preaching from the pulpit the doctrine of providential agency in the most repulsive occurrences. By this teaching Christianity is divested of its most beautiful features, and God Himself is represented as the very incarnation of cruelty and revenge."

So much wholesome common sense, uttered so freely by the editor of a leading journal, in the Metropolis of America, is enough to induce the Governors to appoint a "Day for Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer."

It is no mystery why infantile and sincere minds—that is, religious-minded persons, totally ignorant of

the teachings of modern science—should be terrified by great material changes. (We do not now speak of pulpit charlatans and professional hypocrites.) Nine out of every ten of such minds believe devoutly that the earthquake and the thunder-storm are really God's chosen chariots in which to drive furiously and roaringly about among His insignificant creatures. They think that nothing but noise and fire and fury—like volcanic thunders, lightnings, and ocean tempests—can give adequate expression to the unfathomable opinions and feelings of omnipotence! Persons of this way of believing are usually gifted in vociferating tremendous prayers into the immense ears of their changeful and wrathful god.

There really is, however, an impressiveness in thunder and lightning, and in falling floods of rain, which cannot but fill the mind with wonder and awe; and it was but natural that, before men could comprehend the phenomena of nature through science, the ignorant worshipper was overwhelmed with unspeakable fear and trembling.

In Ludlow's recent work, entitled "The Heart of the Continent," we find the following grand description of a thunderstorm on the great Western Plains; by which the religious imagination is distinctly impressed with the terrible grandeur of the scene: "The agency that wrought those delicate traceries of golden sprig

and anastomosing vein-work began to have a voice. At the foot of the great stair came a rumbling and a groan, as if the giants were beginning to climb. It grew louder, and here and there step parted from step, then the structure lifted at the base and descended at the top, making a series of black blocks and boulders, hanging downward from the same level of sky with lurid interstices between them, through which the upward depths looked awful. Never in my life did I see cloud distances graded with such delicacy. One could almost measure them by miles from the inky surface, hanging with torn fringes of leaden vapor just above our head, up through the tremendous chasms flecked along their wall, with dying gold and purple color, with wonderful light and shadows, and marked by innumerable changes of contour, to the clear but angry sky that paved the farthest depth of the abysses. (I rode on the box for an hour looking into these glorious rifts with fascinated eyes.) Then between their walls began a hurrying interplay of lightning, and the great artillery combat of the heavens commenced in earnest. At first the adjoining masses had their duels to themselves, battery fighting battery, pair and pair. Half an hour more and the forces had perceptibly massed, their fire coming in broader sheet, their thunder bel-  
lowing louder. An hour, and the fight of the giants became a general engagement. The whole hemisphere

was a blinding mass of yellow flame at once, and the reports were each one an instantaneous shock, which burst the air like the explosion of a mine. Then the wind rose to a hurricane; and before the dust could be set whirling by it, there followed such a flood of rain as I never saw anywhere, on sea or land. Sitting on the box still, for I had much rather be soaked than desert such a spectacle, I found my breath taken away for the first minute, as if I had been under a waterfall. It was not drops, nor jets, nor a sheet; it was a mass of coherent water falling down bodily. Five minutes from the time it began to wet us, the horses were running fetlock-deep, with the road still hard under their hoofs, for the soil had not yet had time to dissolve into mud. Torrents were flowing down every incline; where the plain basined, the water stood in broad sheets revealed by the flashes like new ponds suddenly added to the scenery. Still the storm did not spend itself in wind and water. The lightning got broader, and its flashes quicker in succession; the thunder surpassed every thing I have heard, or read, or dreamed of. Between explosions we were so stunned that we could scarcely speak to or hear each other, and the shocks themselves made us fear for the permanent loss of our hearing. One moment we were in utter darkness, our horses kept in the road only by the sense of feeling; the next, and the vast expanse of rain-tram-

pled grass lay in one embrace of topaz fire, with the colossal piles of clefted cloud out of which the deluge was coming, earth and heaven illumined with a brightness surpassing the most cloudless noon."

In contemplating such a storm, with all its attendant phenomena, the mind is involuntarily made to think of the immeasurable energies of Omnipotence. Great mountains, seen by impressible eyes, produce the same internal effects. Thus people grow like the scenery and character of the country they for centuries inhabit. Oriental life is a reflex of Oriental scenery. Hebrew history embodies the physical facts and climatic phenomena of the great East. The sumptuous pomp, the barbaric magnificence, the (so to speak) supernatural vicissitudes, the picturesque superstitions, the wars, successes, revolutions, and the religious manifestations of the ancient Oriental nations, have counterparts in the great deserts, fertile plains, beautiful valleys, mighty mountain ranges, unsurpassed rivers, and vast seas of that most wonderful continent.

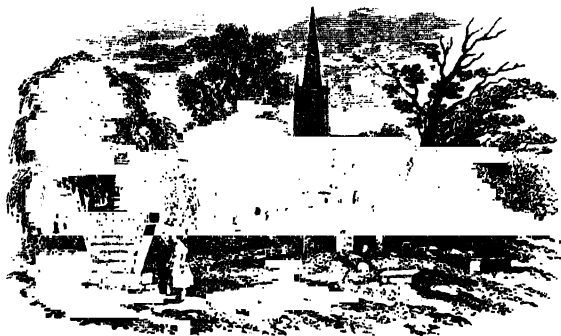
Therefore, if you would understand the origin of "oral prayer," you must look into the spiritual imaginations of the Hebrew and other Oriental nations. Day after day, night after night, until forty suns were gone, Moses dwelt alone upon the mountain. The dread shadow of the Eternal throne impressed the religious poet and lawgiver. He was praying for the

good of the multitudes in the valleys below. The goodwill of God was solicited day after day by the intercessor in his vocal prayers. He sought to change the purposes of the Unchangeable ! He sought to alter the inflexible will of Jehovah. Thunders roared and lightnings played fearfully upon the mountain. The discordant hosts of the vale witnessed the terrors of the Almighty. Yet they were deplorably ignorant and superstitious. They instituted other more palpable means than prayers for obtaining God's favorable notice and protection. But the power of the great leader was commensurate with his untiring persistency in oral prayer. Accordingly on returning from the mountain to his brethren, he instituted the government and worship of the King of kings ; and his inflexible will, acting like God's voice upon the weak and idol-building hosts, filled them with reverence and unquestioning obedience.

From all which we gather a lesson : that the most sincere and uncompromising love of truth, the strongest will, combined with the clearest practical wisdom, burning with fervent religious feeling, and exemplified by unweariable industry, are infallibly certain to win.

But, O friendly reader ! let us not leave this theme without considering some of its correlations and helpful auxiliaries. The following chapter should be read as " the same subject continued."





### XIII.

#### REALMS OF SORROW AND SUPERSTITION.

THAT superstition is hurtful which attributes horrible deeds to the direct agency of an angry personal God.

It is at the bottom, because it is the stem-superstition, of that kind of "religious duty" which, swayed by an educational conscience, imposes upon its possessor the solemn necessity of oral prayers and formal supplications. The originators of this theory say that God's anger must be placated, His good-will must be obtained, and direct acts and benefactions by Him in your favor, must be secured ; and the " means " most

certain, according to sectarian superstitions, are faith and works, but above and surest of all, are frequent and long-continued *prayers*, “put up” with all your soul and might and mind, wrestling with God not to be omitted, accompanied by any form of entreaty imaginable. It was said of a certain eloquent preacher that, after the fine choir sung a few hymns, “the doctor delivered a nice essay in the vocative as a prayer, and then took the text from which to preach.” Such gifted prayers—“nice essays”—are more abundant than beneficial.

This superstition sometimes takes on another form ; of which the following is an illustration : “A religious woman who always kept Sunday and washed o’ Monday, and in fact all the rest of the week, as she was a washerwoman by occupation, had managed to scrape up money enough to build a snug little house and barn in the country, and one afternoon, after she was comfortably settled, there came along a terrible tornado which tore her barn to pieces and smashed part of the house. The old lady’s indignation was at first unspeakable, but at last she sobbed, “Well, here’s a pretty piece of business. No matter, though ; I’ll pay for this—I’ll wash on Sundays.” The world’s mournful graveyards, in which all are sooner or later mustered from life’s battle-fields, are the realms of numerous sweet superstitions. Of the many beautiful or

otherwise, I will here mention but two: One, that death is a perpetual sleep in the grave; the other (which contains a sublime truth), that the gates of heaven open so broadly that the hosts are perpetually marching in and out, from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth, subject to solicitations of terrestrial high privates, who congregate in "circles" or kneel together in "prayer."

Of the superstition that "death is an eternal sleep" much might be written. It is the foundation of all absolute skepticism concerning the existence of a world beyond the grave. It argues that beyond known phenomena there is nothing different to discover. Our knowledge of mind and our knowledge of matter is asserted to be scientific and certain, only limited; and that, so far as our real observation and knowledge of these conditions go, all is just as infallibly reliable as though it were extended through infinity and prolonged through eternity. Coupled with this reasoning is the assertion that death *is* death, and not life; that the idea of personal immortality is fallacious, being "an idea," and nothing more. Death, these reasoners say, is the certain *end* of all. Thus—

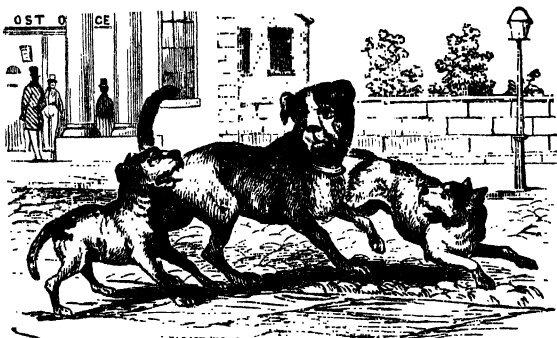
"An immense solitary spectre waits;  
It has no shape, it has no sound; it has  
No place, it has no time; it is and was  
And will be; it is never more nor less,

Nor glad nor sad. Its name is Nothingness.  
Power walketh high ; and misery doth crawl  
And the clepsydra drips, and the sands fall  
Down in the hour-glass, and the shadows sweep  
Around the dial ; and men wake and sleep,  
Live, strive, regret, forget, and love, and hate.  
And know it. This spectre saith I wait,  
And at the last it beckons and they pass,  
And still the red sands fall within the glass,  
And still the shades around the dial sweep,  
And still the water-clock doth drip and weep.  
And this is all."

These bold and irreverent Materialists are met by equally bold and irreverent Spiritualists. " Christians cannot meet them philosophically, unless they appeal to the " phenomena " accepted by Spiritualists ; which developments most Christians are either too ignorant to comprehend, or too proud to accept.

The Christian testimony upon which faith in the New Testament miracles is based, has been assailed and invalidated for generations ; so that Materialists have no obstacles to encounter save the " inexplicable physical phenomena " presented by the troublesome and irrepressible Spiritualists. These new evidences of " immortality " have not been successfully assailed ; although the " facts " have been multiplied, and repeated in every part of the civilized world, beyond all parallel during the past quarter of a century. In

many parts of the world they are just about to come forth. Consequently the hosts of doubters are effectually silenced, but not yet fully convinced; and so the great and good "fight" is certain to terminate.



POPULAR DOGMAS BARKING AT MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

And thus we arrive at our second superstition, which, nevertheless, is mingled with many momentous truths. The illustrious leaders, the valiant soldiers, and the high-born heroes of this long battle with Materialism, have stacked arms and encamped upon the ground of indiscriminate faith in a constant communion with the angels. The bitter enemy is silenced, his guns spiked, his forts dismantled, and the flag of "immortality demonstrated," floats proudly



A COMFORTABLE SEAT UNDER A FRUITLESS TREE.

upon the heavenly atmosphere. The realms of shadow have been richly furnished with substance. Individuals believed to be "dead" have responded when their names were properly called. Human prejudices have given way before the accumulated weight of genuine spiritual evidences. And the martyred saints and patriots and comrades of the "new era," clothed in their shining victorious habiliments, are already in danger of conquerors' crowns and martyrs' monuments.

And why are they not crowned? Why do not the enriched and grateful people erect altars to Spiritualism? Why are not Spiritualists more united in good works? The people's answer comes, thus: "If it can be shown that Spiritualism has purified the characters and ennobled the lives of its votaries, we shall be prepared to welcome it. But no such result is yet apparent, and the world must continue to regard even its highest advocates as engaged in work unworthy of their faculties."



CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

What rejoinder from us is possible? We have

braved the perils of the most searching investigation, have successfully withstood the shafts of ridicule and the destructive assaults of bigotry, and have planted our "evidences" upon an impregnable basis; and yet, upon the very threshold, around which our laurels are beautifully growing, we are met with an *objection*, which like a flash of lightning demoralizes our grand army, fills thousands of honest minds with unhappy doubts, and conveys unmerited relief and comfort to the bitter enemy whom we have long since silenced, if not vanquished.

Attributing both good and evil deeds to the direct agency of a personal God—out of which has grown up a custom of oral petitions and written prayers—this superstition has been greatly modified by a large unphilosophical class among nominal Spiritualists; so that, as another superstition (with grains of truth in it), it stands in this proposition: That in and through all human thoughts, feelings, and actions, Spirits are incessantly operating as primary causes and controlling powers. Thus a limited number of Spiritualists, unconsciously following the affirmation of Swedenborg in this particular, because they have not adopted the purely philosophical method of investigation, unwittingly practise upon the dogma that "Spirits can and do displace the private will and personal consciousness of human minds; and thus, fully possessing and con-

trolling such minds, do make manifestations of every name and nature, and frequently for their own particular selfish gratification."

Wonderful private experiences are adduced to substantiate this exceedingly infantile and easily-accepted theory. Because it is scientifically true in *part*, therefore it is believed and acted upon as though it were wholly true; instead of being mostly an error, as it is, filled with a variety of hurtful subversions of sense and conduct.

One effect is: A narrowing and debilitation of the believer's conceptions of the grand system of truths and principles; and the correlative effect is: An irreverent familiarity with spirits, on the fallacious dogma that spirits, like body-servants and house-waiters, are at all moments subject to the will and wishes of the questioner.

One day, in Broadway, a gentleman accosted me with: "Mr. Davis, I want your clairvoyant aid in a money enterprise in which I am deeply interested." Upon inquiry, the fact came out that he was "digging for lost treasure" under the directions of some fortune-telling medium.

My reply was emphatically that "I had not a moment to give him for any such purpose." Still he urged his case by promises of "large sums he was to donate at once to charitable works to the everlasting glory of



Spiritualism." Again with kindness, but yet more emphatically, refusing to give a moment of time to his scheme, he replied wilfully: "If you were in the spirit-world, Mr. Davis, I would go to my medium and *make* you communicate in five minutes, and as long as I pleased!"

Such Spiritualism, as is illustrated by the folly and shallow superstition of this man, is not worthy a place



MONEY-HUNTING UNDER MED.UMISTIC DIRECTION.

in the lowest witchcraft huts of the middle ages. "Sir," I said, "do you imagine that I shall have *less* command of my time and person in a higher state of

existence than I have at this moment?" His reply was: "Spirits are bound to come when we call them! They have nothing else to do but to look after the friends that they have left behind!" I said: "House-servants as obedient to 'calls' would certainly command the highest prices." And further I assured him that, speaking for myself, "If I ever returned after death to this seventh-rate planet, it would be to accomplish some object in accordance with my own affections, reason, conscience, and will, and not in response to 'the call' of some selfish money-hunter or any other special investigator." Whereupon, of course, he marked me forever "out of his books." But to every



AN ILLUSTRATION OF UNCULTURED INDIVIDUALISM.

sound mind it must be evident that such Spiritualism, considered with reference to its effect upon the struc-

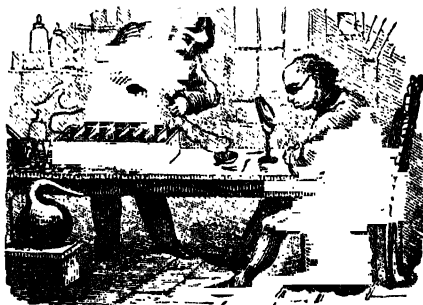
ture and growth of character, is weakening and decomposing, not to say disintegrating and dwarfing, to the last degree.

A true religion, independent of all tricks and mysteries, can be everywhere known by three signs : (1) It causes the person, inwardly, with reverence and affection, to look up to the Infinite Perfection ; (2) It causes the person to rise to the universal love of mankind, and to deal justly, truthfully, and peacefully with every living being ; and (3) it causes the person to strive to live physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually, according to that standard of supreme excellence to which the immortal spirit naturally calls and points all mankind.

. If I were asked to give, in brief, the chief good and use of this great Spiritualistic movement, my reply would be, as heretofore, that the term "Spiritualism" is properly applicable to a *revival* of evidence, appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but exists as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of travelling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

Spiritualists teach very generally that "circles" and "manifestations" should be multiplied and the spirits continually evoked.

On the contrary, I teach and insist that, beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immorality—the convening of "circles" and the accumulation of repetitious "manifestations" are not beneficial, but weakening to both the sensibilities and the judgment.



DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS TRYING TO EXPLAIN SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

And except for scientific investigations—that is, to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—it will be found that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to skeptical minds, the lightless sessions amount simply to this: Persons convinced by such evidences usually require periodical repetitions of "facts" to keep their night-encompassed faith from languishing.

But, although Spiritualism is not, according to this

definition, a new religion, it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual enlightenment. It hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society, and life. A free development of the essentials of true Religion is one of the accompanying effects.

It must be remembered that in *Arabula* and elsewhere I have employed this term, "Spiritualism," with the largest meanings, in a pure spirit of accommodation to the popular use and acceptance. I do not now justify such use of the word, although I do not mean to recall any of the affirmations under that head; because it is all true of the Dispensation of which spiritual intercourse is a living part.

Behold what Spiritualism (in the sense with which I now use the term), has already encountered :

1. Sectarians, in their ignorance and pride, have repulsed and spurned it ;
2. Skeptics, in their strongholds of materialism, have ridiculed and neglected it ;
3. Spiritualists, in their familiarity and fanaticism, have covered it with imperfections and chaos.

Familiarity is the temporary suspension of all rules of delicacy and veneration. If this is true, right here, between man and man, how much more must it be true as between earthlings and their celestial visitors !

It is an abuse of such exalted intercourse to try to

make it subservient to personal ends. The sad misfortunes which befall many mediums, and *some* Spiritualists, can be traced directly to this outrageous selfish practice. With many the practical uses of mediumship are adopted as purely mercenary. Fortune-telling and treasure-hunting characterize the faith and conduct of too many believers. And the direful consequences of these crimes are upon us all.

It was true that the doors and windows of heaven were opened, and, happily, it is true that they are still open ; and it is also true that angels often descended ; and, happily, it is true that they are still descending, with the abundant showers of their sweet influences, to bless and elevate humanity.

But the legitimate punishments of transgressed laws and violated conditions are also descending upon the disobedient world. The delicate fineness, not to say the modest self-respect, of our celestial visitors compels them to shrink away from these prolonged abuses—the practice of using mediums and spirits for selfish ends and temporary benefits. Their justice and their power are being silently concentrated to *resist* and to *punish* such grovelling malpractices.

One punishment, which must deeply sadden every sincere heart, is :— The withdrawal from direct intercourse with earth's inhabitants of scores of truly great and learned minds !

This proceeding is going forward at this moment in every direction.

Thus the grand use of spiritual intercourse—"a living demonstration"—is rapidly passing into recorded history. The refreshing shower from the spiritual skies is well-nigh over. By this is not meant that *all* communication is to cease; nor that a renewal is not possible in response to worthy solicitation.

Humanity has many times before approached, and enjoyed, and passed through, these wonderful epochs of contact with the celestial spheres, and the believers have been before, as again they are about to be, afflictively punished for sacrilegious treatment of privileges so high and pleasures so holy.

It seems mournful that mankind cannot at once and universally obey the laws of Nature, Reason, and Intuition. Especially in the realm of religious feelings and faith, it is sad that principles and Ideas cannot be accepted by which to judge all phenomena and human testimony concerning them. But the explanation is, that the world lives progressively in emotion and in feeling, and does not easily and quickly arrive at the lofty blessings of thought, reflection, and intuition; so that, unless men surrender themselves obediently in all matters of doctrine to some supreme "dogma of infallibility," unless all bow to some external standard of authority, it is but natural that most persons should

become involved in many errors and superstitions while independently searching for truth.

Among the errors and hurtful superstitions which have sprung up in modern fields—in fields where we fondly hoped the immortal flowers of Reason alone would grow and forever bloom—I will in this place mention only nine, as follows :

1. That departed spirits, both good and evil, continually float and drive about in the earth's physical atmosphere ;

2. That evil-disposed characters, having died in their active sins, linger around men and women both day and night, in order to gratify their unsatisfied passions and prevailing propensities ;

3. That all known mental disturbances—such as insanity, murder, suicide, licentiousness, arson, theft, and various evil impulses and deeds—are caused by the direct action of the will of false and malignant spirits ;

4. That certain passionate spirits, opposed to purity and truth and goodness, are busy breaking up the tender ties of families and take delight in separating persons living happily in the marriage relation ;

5. That spirits are at all times subject to summons, and can be “called up” or made to “appear” in circles ; and that the “mediums” have no private rights or powers of will which the spirits are bound to respect ;



6. That spirits are both substantial and immaterial ; that they traverse the empire of solids, and bolt through solid substances, without respecting any of the laws of solids and substances ; and that they can perform any thing they like to astonish the investigator ;

7. That every human being is a medium, in one form or another, and to some extent ; and that all persons, unconsciously to themselves, are acting out the feelings, the will, and the mind of spirits ;

8. That spiritual intercourse is perpetual ; that it is now everywhere operative ; and that, being at last established, it cannot be again suspended ;

9. That the reading of books and reflection, as a means of obtaining truth, are no longer necessary to believers ; that the guardian band of spirits will impart to the faithful every thing worth knowing ; and that, for any thing further, one need only wait upon the promptings of intuition, and that, in any event, " whatever is, is right."

These errors, these superstitions, and these dogmas, like all other human developments, contain rich intimations and germs of truth. These theories have taken deep root among a large class of avowed Spiritualists. And the legitimate effects, it will be remembered, are visible in the disintegrations and decompositions of character ; in mutual disrespect and

recriminations ; in the disorganization of all our public efforts, and the abandonment of our beneficent enterprises ; in the irreverence manifested toward even the great central Principles around which all persons and facts must bow and cling ; and, lastly, in the gradual suspension of the delightful intercourse itself, by which the glory and unspeakable opportunities of immortality have been brought to light.



A CREED-CRUSHER EARNESTLY RECOMMENDED.



A PROCESS THROUGH WHICH EVERY CREED SHOULD PASS.

After twenty-five years of constant investigation into the many and various phases of this subject, and with almost daily realizations of somewhat of the infinite goodness embosomed in these high privileges, I can most solemnly affirm, and I do now make the declaration, that the nine propositions contained in the indictment, are mostly errors and hurtful theories—injurious in their effect upon the individual judgment, and still more injurious when made the foundation of faith and practice. They belong to the age of broom-riding witches ; to the shallow doctrines

of personal devils and sorcery; and to the fiction-age of astrology and the small gods of superstition. They will not bear analysis by the philosophical method of detecting the presence and value of truth. They will not stand a test by the supreme infallible authorities--*Nature, Reason, Intuition*. This affirmation is made without qualification; and it contains a challenge--summons to investigation.



AN AGENT OF SAINT CUSTOM PUTTING A COLLAR OVER THE HEAD OF THAT WHICH IS STRONG AND USEFUL IN SPIRITUALISM.

Instead of the assertion that spirits are continually

present, and the belief that they are instantly engaged in influencing human feelings, convictions, and conduct—instead of this, it would be far nearer the exact truth to say :

“SPIRITS EVEN NOW RARELY COMMUNICATE WITH MEN.”

Numberless absurdities spring from the supposition that mankind are *continually* in contact with citizens of the air. It is, alas ! too high a privilege, too delicate a luxury for the human heart, to be frequently mingled with current experiences. The percentage of intercommunication, O, believe me ! *is still very small*. It is yet the exception in human life, I am constrained to affirm, and not the rule. More contact with the spiritual life is what the world most needs.

What, then, are we to do ? Are we admonished to retire from the spiritual movement ? Shall we abandon life because it is burdened with trials and imperfections ? All delicate relations are attended with great risks and enjoyed amid great dangers : Shall we, therefore, refuse to enter into them ? Nothing noble or heroic can be achieved without labors and dangers of greater or less magnitude. Therefore, although undiluted intercourse with the celestial citizens is still rare, yet the grand prize (the knowledge that *personal life is continued beyond the grave !*) is worthy the exertions of the finest powers of every doubting mind.

But remember, O, most friendly reader ! that all *other* uses of the high privilege of spiritual intercommunication—except when it comes in response to the unselfish prayers of friendship and love—are flagrant violations of its fixed laws, are transgressions of its delicate conditions, which cannot but be followed by innumerable mortifications and various disastrous punishments.

In conclusion, this one word : Prayer is sometimes a key, by which the golden door of infinite opportunities may be unlocked ; and, sometimes, prayer calls to our immediate aid those wise and strong guardians, who daily live in harmony with the eternal currents of affection.



#### XIV.

##### EFFECT OF A MISTAKE IN RELIGION.

A SERIES of supplemental considerations for thee, O faithful reader! in continuation of the general subject treated in the last chapter, as follows :

Spiritualism, which is sometimes called "spiritism," has justly inspired hundreds and thousands of noble hearts with the fondest hopes for humanity. Highly endowed intellects have been by its immense promises filled with the most brilliant anticipations. Many of these fond hopes have perished ; many a bright promise has been toned down to the verge of despair.

Hundreds of the professors of Spiritualism have retired into the frigid, barren, and inhospitable, yet popular, territories of conservatism. The movement was, and is, full of aggressive and progressive minds ; and it is correspondingly *empty* of constructive and charitable labors for human advancement. Nowhere on the good Father's footstool can be found a richer soil so utterly grainless and unproductive. No other existing movement embraces so many enlarged ideas, quickens so many generous instincts, inspires so many impressive minds, opens so many grand scenes for mankind ; and yet, to tell the plain truth, no other movement, of the same age and with the same wealth of opportunities, ever exhibited more miserly stinginess in its appropriations for worthy enterprises, or more senseless extravagance in rewarding individuals for the selfish use of their powers.



"AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE IS INCLINED."

The beautiful tree bears but little practical fruit for the millions of the globe, because of the existence of an *error*; which like a devouring worm, lives in the very foundation, and which is day by day eating out the life of its finest roots.

This destructive error is the general misapprehension, entertained by the intelligent and the ignorant alike, that *the fact* of communication with the other world is worthy of exaltation to the dignity of a religion, and that the constant prayer for and enjoyment of such intercourse is the practice of religion.

"In all kindness," says one of our most prominent writers, "we ask, is not Spiritualism founded on the revelations of mediums? Could it have sprung into existence without them?" My reply is: "Certainly not; and simply because Spiritualism has no other foundation, it is radically incapable of becoming a practical religion." Some of our best workers and most philosophical thinkers have strenuously advocated this error (of a medium-originated religion), as if it were the most solemn and momentous truth—adequate, when believed in and acted upon, to overcome all private human ills, and adequate not less to work in *society* universal redemption from every form of evil and wretchedness. The reduction of this central radical *error* to a sort of independent individual practice has eventuated in the belittling and wretchedly barren



crop of small gratifications, which have come to all such self-painstaking practitioners.



MEN REAP FROM THE SEEDS THEY PLANT.

What is such a religion reduced to practice? It is simply and only and forever nothing more than the private drawing-room development of mediums, and the night-after-night communications with spirits of every name and nature—with friends and foes alike—and for no purpose other than the immediate gratification which may arise from having your great mental powers applauded and flattered, your fond hopes illuminated with immense promises of wonderful works in store for you, and your feelings poetically excited and your industry lulled to sleep by assurances that “angels will take care of you,” and that the slowly rolling ages will bring every thing straight and smoothe all the rough places.

With such delightful convictions, the illogical pro-

fessor of Spiritualism goes out into the busy world dreamily, like an opium-eater, full of enchanting subjective sensations and thoughtful ambitions, but really and practically with but *one* ever-present and all-mastering motive: *Personally to enjoy the present life!* Do things go wrong about you? "Wonder



INCONSISTENCIES RECONCILED BY COERCION AND FEAR.

why the spirits don't step in and make every thing smooth and right." Do your children need to be saved from theological errors, and put upon the health-track, and taught to do their own thinking and work in the world? "Let them go to some church or send them to Sunday-school, and let them adopt the ways of society. A working organization, founded upon a declaration of principles, is another sectarian movement; therefore it must die, because we will have no more association with sectarianism."

Are there old dogmas and old practices to be overcome? "Certainly! Spiritualism is the infallible cure-all—the leaven of old institutions! Let the churches absorb it (which they are doing very rapidly), and the result will be a radical modification of old theology."

All these sayings come flowing free from the mouths of the professors of Spiritualism. Still they claim to be philosophers! They really think that they are logical reasoners! Many of them fancy that they have fathomed the deeps of human history! And a few believe that they know all of any importance that can be said or written this side of the loftiest angels. And thus they are, (only, however, in their imaginations,) above all authority, having arrived at the estate of free religion and perfect self-control; and yet a medium, if believed to be "under a *high* control," need but say "Go," and they depart, or "Come," and they approach, obediently like well-drilled soldiers under an unseen commander.

Freely and honestly I have written against the professors and teachings of old religions, and against popular speculations, called "orthodox theology." Over and again I have denounced their most sacred faiths as weak and soul-cramping superstitions. I do so still, and retract nothing; neither asking nor giving quarter; never compromising with error, nor favoring any forms which oppose the freedom and progress of man-

kind. Here an old question, founded in a principle of charity and justice, may be repeated: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

And now, in this spirit, without wishing to give a grain of comfort to the enemies of Spiritualism, I am constrained, in the interest of truth and humanity, to speak as freely and honestly against the *radical errors* in both faith and practice, which



GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR WHEN  
"ON THE RIGHT TRACK."

have cropped out among spiritualists. As in my heart there is not one feeling of unkindness or bitterness toward any believer in any Church or Bible; so there is nothing but earnest fraternal love toward all men, inspired by a still more profound love of truth and enfranchised reason, which moves me to indite these protestations.

Spiritualism, when properly defined with its limitations, is not a religion; and the practice of communicating with spirits, however delightful to the better

scientific claims alone, it is little more than another name for a belief in and knowledge of "Spiritual Intercourse." And this last definition, which is the only interpretation a careful thinker can conscientiously give to the term, also defines the uses and abuses of it which abound. Those who have unphilosophically insisted upon a wider definition, who have been loudest in proclaiming "Spiritualism" as the all-in-all of a New dispensation, who have, while encouraging the most extravagant egoistic manifestations of individualism, advocated a declaration of principles as the basis



THE PROGRESSIVE TRACK OF SPIRIT-FACTS RUNS ALONG THE  
RIVER OF PRINCIPLES.

of an organization of its powers and professors—such will find, sooner or later, that, by a radical error in their definition, they have established and encouraged a radical error in practice, to the advantage and vital-

ization of the all-appropriating churches, and to the corresponding disadvantage and debilitation of the freely-imparting tendencies of the central *good* there is in a demonstrated immortality.

Ideas and indestructible Principles, and *not* the wonders of communications with persons residing beyond the tomb, are the seed-causes of progress and reconstruction.

The eternal TRUTH, as it is revealed through the beautiful mediums of Love and Justice, is the only everlasting standard.

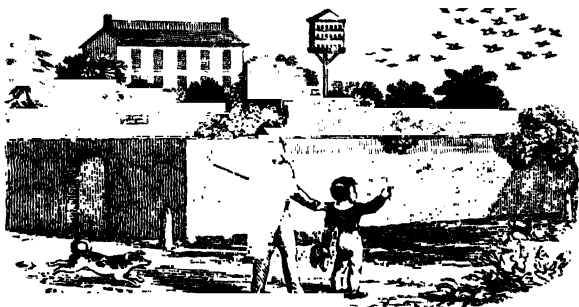
Science is a sure safeguard against superstition.

Reason is the exponent of truth to the intellect; even as Intuition is truth's exponent to the affections.

Religion is true and undefiled when it is absolutely free—independent of dogmatic theology on the one hand, and free of fleeting marvels and superstition on the other—free as immortal love and truth are free, a power of eternal Good and Right in the indestructible constitution of the Spirit, removing error and distributing justice throughout the world.

Wisdom is the most sacred name, above every other name, unto which every knee should bow and every tongue confess. Our Redeemer is Wisdom! whose ways are pleasant; whose paths are peace; whose heart is Mother Nature; whose head is Father God; who saves the whole world with an everlasting salva-

tion. Truth, Love, Justice, Wisdom—each an angel of life, light, and happiness! Let us strive to communicate with them; let us listen reverently to no other voices; let us obey no other authorities.



## XV.

### OMENS AND SIGNS AMONG RELIGIONISTS.

EVERY philosopher must decide that it is unreasonable to expect, in the present stage of human progress, the general diffusion of any religious faith without a corresponding expansion of refined forms of fear and superstition. Those who delight themselves chiefly in the feelings and mysteries of religion possess little ability to reason philosophically concerning the laws and requirements of truth. Every established system of religious faith, and every denomination of faith in every such system, is supported by multitudes who utterly repudiate Reason as an authoritative exponent of religion.



Supernaturalism, being intrinsically nothing but unnaturalism, is the mother of innumerable fears and superstitions. If a new phase of the spiritual comes, like the wonders of modern Spiritualism, large accessions are made from the ranks of old and existing systems. As the converted Gentiles of the olden time carried into Judaism their long-cherished myths, fears and follies ; so converts from Judaism convey many of their ancestral rites, omens, and superstitions into Christianity ; even as Christians, converted to Spiritualism, bring with them a long baggage-train of prejudices, weaknesses, fears, and superstitions, whose maternal ancestor is Supernaturalism, which is the foundation of the entire superstructure of Christianity.

“Faithful are the wounds of a friend.” Infantile states of mind demand a religion of “rattles and straws ;” which the estate of manhood utterly rejects as “childish things.” Therefore human nature, before it comes to a knowledge of fixed principles, naturally believes in signs, omens, and superstitions ; which crop out of the spirit’s instinctive trust and comfort in the idea of an arbitrary protective Providence.

Helpless and weak and wretched is human nature, in its physical and mental infancy ; beset on every side with mysteries, contingencies, calamities, and misfortunes. Life’s changes are charged with alternate defeats and victories. We do not stop to think when sur-

rounded by dangers, and when encompassed by numberless difficulties, which threaten to crush and destroy.

From the visible the feelings yearn for protection from the invisible. With firm reliance upon an infinitely wise Providence, overflowing with illimitable power and with equal goodness, thousands of persons in every system of religion will brave any danger and attack obstacles of every magnitude.

Men are fatalists in these affairs of religion, and many minds have hope and patience and cheerful courage under mysterious trust and faith; while under Reason and Conscience, as counsellor and guide, the same persons would sink into helplessness and despair. There are persons who do physical wonders, and exhibit abilities not to be matched, only while under the effect of some powerful stimulant or mental excitement.

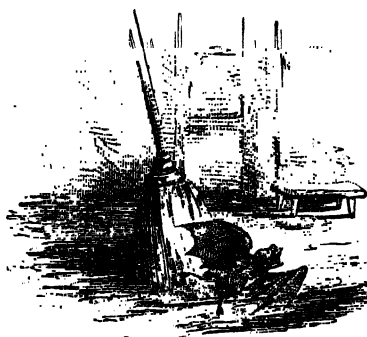
Faith in the invisible is perennially important. But it exists not without dangers and absurdities to the faithful; even while it brings tender comfort and sweet trust into the religious feelings. Unless the judgment is fortified in knowledge, the faith becomes extravagant and superstitious, and the believer is easily influenced by omens, signs, spectres,



THE END OF LIFE TO THOSE  
WHO SEE NOT.

wraiths, forerunners, and whimsical prognostications of future events.

A sailor, who cared nothing for storms and dangers,



A SAILOR'S UNLUCKY OMEN.

could not be induced to go out one fine morning with some fishermen, because the night before he encountered a *bat* behind a broom in his cabin on the beach. He was a good Methodist, believed in a personal God, and in a kind of Providence which sends to a believer distinct

signs of impending disaster.

Heaven's ante-chamber would seem, according to



SAW THE MOON OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER.

some providence-believers, to be a place of evil. I know a distinguished preacher and orator who confessed that to see the moon for the first time after her change over the left shoulder, is certain immediately to depress his feelings; and his mind is

filled with vague apprehensions, whenever he thinks

of the omen, during the entire month. Notwithstanding the fact that his judgment rejects the omen as sheer superstition, his feelings and conduct are nevertheless more or less unhappily affected by the trifling circumstance, simply because the supposed significance of the fact was mingled with his early education.

Not many months since I received a letter from an unmarried woman, who had what she deemed the mis-



A STRANGE CAT RAN INTO THE HOUSE WHILE THEY WERE TALKING

fortune of seeing a strange cat run into the door just as her sister's only son was about to commence a horseback journey in company with a neighbor. She had received a good education, and she was rather ashamed to confess to any apprehensions arising from the forerunner; but she could not shake off the old Welsh rustic belief that, unless the cat was caught and confined in the house a day and a night, some dire ca-

lamity would overtake the darling boy. She had also been recently disturbed by bad dreams of muddy water, especially since the youth had commenced the journey; and on several nights that same neighbor's dog had foreshadowed the worst fortune by howling most dismally; and there were also other signs of trouble.

Her fears were so excited that, although she was a theoretical believer in the doctrine of a fixed natural law within the cause of every event, she could not shake off the painful anxiety and foreboding. In reply I urged upon her the supreme authority of Reason; that her dark and melancholy apprehensions were probably owing to her early miseducation in the supernaturalism of Christianity; and that, besides, there was possibly some phrenological or physiological cause for the sufferings she experienced.

I tried, as delicately as possible, to intimate that the "dreams of muddy water" originated in some bad condition of the brain or bile; and intimated, also, that I should be glad to see her photographic likeness, in order to determine the temperaments of a person so filled with faith and doubts concerning symbolic signs and omens. Her answer, which covered her photographic likeness, was couched in terms of earnest protest; giving her opinion most decidedly to the effect, that she had a firm trust in a supreme Being of infinite

power and wisdom ; but did not doubt but that, sometimes, He permitted looking-glasses to break, dogs to howl, and imparted bad dreams to presage a death, or to warn people of impending evil. She entertained a

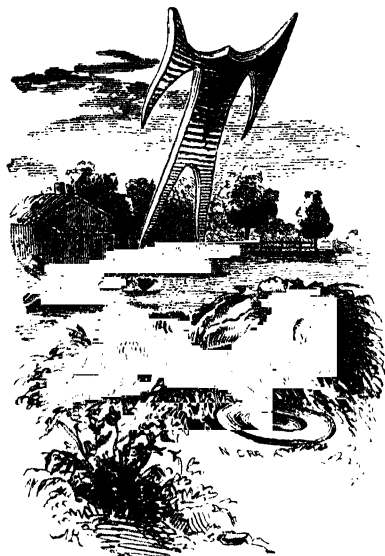


A DREAMER OF BAD DREAMS.

natural dread of ridicule, however ; and it is my conviction that this dread, more than the exercise of her reason, limited the indulgence of her superstitious fears. She was not a believer in Spiritualism, but had great faith in the fortune-telling faculty of some mediums.

The inhabitants of India suffer vastly from snake-bites, and the havoc caused by man-eating tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts of the jungle. In the Central Provinces the loss of human life by tigers,

wolves, hyænas, leopards, bears, and panthers, is immense. We learn that superstition also plays no small



BAD DREAMS OF ONE NOT A TEE-TOTALLER.

part in the maintenance of these intolerable scourges. The Gonds, for instance, instead of mustering in force to hunt down the tigers who wage war against them and their herds, have an idiotic way of regarding the tiger as a divinity whose wrath it is unsafe to arouse. If one of them falls a prey to the divinity's appetite for human flesh, the rest of the

family are forthwith tabooed as displeasing to the object of their reverent dread, and must expiate their offence by costly sacrifices, which may leave them penniless but will restore them to their caste-rights.

What misery comes from the womb of Ignorance! Disordered imaginations, the changing and inclement skies of superstition, entail distress and wretchedness upon human nature. We listen with reverence to the

d'ctates of truth, while with abhorrence we hear the prayers of superstition. A firm believer in spiritual intercourse, I know, is not exempt from the bitter struggles and horrible notions fixed in the religious imagination by having once believed in popular theology. They are afraid of "ghosts and graveyards," and dread encountering "imps of darkness," and suffering many deaths by being in "bondage through fear of death." At length they obtain a life-long emancipation by being converted to the evidences of spiritual intercourse. And yet I know a Spiritualist, who would repel with scornful emotions the least insinuation that he is superstitious, who was one day absolutely disheartened in the prosecution of a worthy enterprise, because by chance a striped squirrel ran across the path in a grove through which he was walking toward



INNOCENTS PLAYING IN THE GROVE.

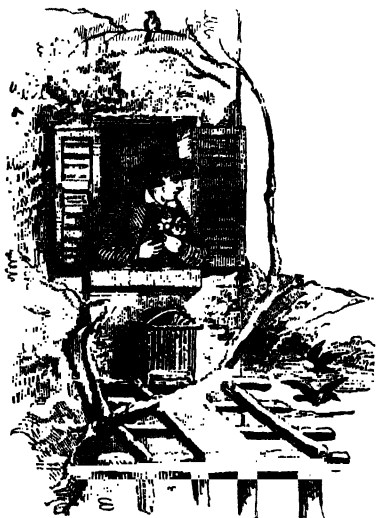
the residence of a friend. Esteemed for his wit and geniality, and beloved for his strict integrity and high



moral principles, and yet so suddenly weakened and turned from his purpose by what he considered "a bad sign!"

Strong intellects cannot escape the effect of the memory of "signs," and the occurrence of events denoting "evil," which they learned by heart in childhood. The human spirit, naturally reaching into the invisible after aid, and craving sympathy in its trials and dangers, is sensitively alive to the teachings and influence of fate. In spite of the keen shafts of ridicule, and in opposition to the plainest dictates of com-

mon sense and accepted science, it is easy for eight-tenths of every population by insensible degrees to lean to the side of ignorance and superstition. Upon no other principle can a philosopher account for the wide-spread acceptance throughout civilization of this dismal thing which calls itself "Christian Theology." Thousands upon thousands in mis



A BIRD OF EVIL OMEN.

erable homes and mad-houses realize the unutterable horrors implanted by a catechismal education into the deplorable superstitions of literal hells of fire and brimstone, a personal devil of magnificent abilities in eternal opposition to Deity, and all the thirty-nine other nameless nightmares and mythic horrors which float currently as great truths in the best Christian communities.

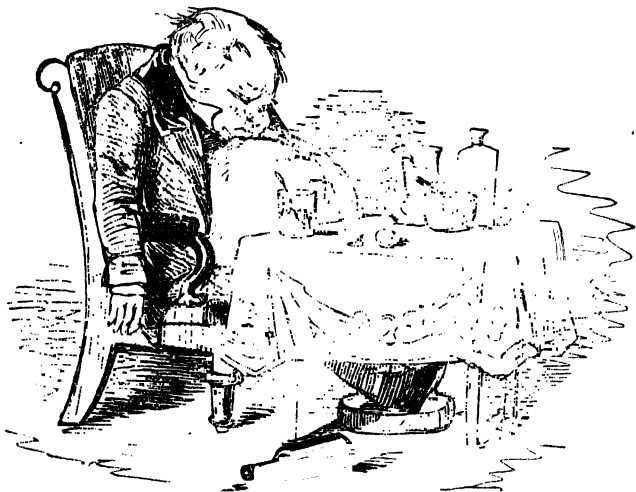
Physiologists have demonstrated that the "hog," although not a medium for the lesser devils as reported in story, is a first-class boarding-house for millions of man-killing worms. Scrofulous diseases, not personal devils, arise from the post-mortem remains of swine. Christians still continue to eat this devil-meat; over



ANOTHER BAD SIGN.

which many daily "ask blessings" and subsequently "return thanks;" as if the God of eternal and unalterable truth and justice would or could, by special miracle, convert pork into piety and scrofula into rose-tints on the lovely cheeks of childhood!

Bad dreams naturally visit the brains of pork-eating Christians. Impossible works cannot be wrought; all



A PORK-EATER AND WINE-BIBBER PREPARING FOR A DREAM.

things are not possible. It is a weak and wicked superstition to believe and teach that an unchangeable Deity is engaged in listening to and answering the selfish prayers of pork-devouring and wine-engulfing believers. The fixed laws of the spirit, graceful in their dealings and eternally protective in their government, guard the citidal of human life. No act goes unrecorded; no transgression escapes punishment. Mercy is manifested in the gentleness of the record, and in the complete and perfect redemption they ac-

compleish in the offending spirit. The transgressor's way is very hard, and his salvation greater in agony than the pains of a fabled hell. The human mind is constituted for an eternal search after and progression in Good! Any other use of its great powers—all mere search after that folly which the ignorant call "happiness"—is beset with calamities and wretched defeats. Why cannot men look into the laws of life, from a purely honest observation of its principles and purposes, and thus harmonize with



THE OLD MAN'S AFTER-DINNER DREAM.



DREAMS OF FLOODS AND FAMINE.

its constitutional needs and eternal ends? The numberless evils of the world are the offspring of ignorance; then, the brood being hatched and multiplied, a million-sided net of self-interests encloses the evils and protects them as though they were good;

the effect is oppression and general wretchedness, and *the end is revolution.*

In order to illustrate what I mean by tracing out "by honest observation" the laws and the evils of life,



A BELIEVER IN SIGNS AND OMENS.

let us read Dr. Hachenberg's very faithful account of Indian Trailers and Trappers, in his letter from U. S. A. Post Hospital, Fort Randall, Dacotah Territory, to the *Hudson Star*, February 12, 1869, as follows :

"The most extraordinary skill that is exhibited in this part of the

country, either by the white man or red native, is the practice of trailing. Here it may be accounted an art as much as music, painting, or sculpture is in the East. The Indian or trapper that is a shrewd trailer, is a man of close observation, quick perception, and prompt action. As he goes along, nothing escapes his observation, and what he sees and hears he accounts for immediately. Often not another step is taken until a mystery, that may present itself in this line, is fairly solved. The Indian trailer will stand still for hours in succession, to account for certain traces or effects in

tracks, and sometimes give to the matter unremitting attention for days and weeks.

“The trailer is not a graceful man. He carries his head much inclined, his eye is quick and restless, always on the watch, and he is practising his art unconsciously, hardly ever crossing the track of man or animal without seeing it. When he enters a house, he brings the habits he contracted in the practice of his art with him. I know a trailer as soon as he enters my room. He comes in through the door softly, and with an air of exceeding caution. Before he is fairly in, or, at least, has sat down, he has taken note of every article and person, though there may be a dozen vacant chairs in the room. He is not used to chairs, and, like the Indian, prefers a more humble seat. When I was employed by General Harney, last summer, to take charge temporarily of the Indians that were gathered here to form a new reservation, one day a guide and trailer came into the General’s headquarters. I told him to be seated. He sat down on the floor, bracing his back against the wall. The General saw this, and in vexation cried out, ‘My God, why don’t you take a chair, when there are plenty here not occupied?’ The man arose and seated himself in a chair, but in so awkward and uncomfortable a manner that he looked as if he might slip from it at any moment. But when this uncouth person came to transact his business with

the General, he turned out to be a man of no ordinary abilities. His description of a route he took as guide and trailer for the Ogallalas in bringing them from the Platte to this place was minute, and to me exceedingly interesting. Every war party that for the season had crossed his trail, he described with minuteness as to their number, the kinds of arms they had, and stated the tribes they belonged to. In these strange revelations that he made there was neither imposition nor supposition, for he gave satisfactory reasons for every assertion he made.

“I have ridden several hundred miles with an experienced guide and trailer, Hack, whom I interrogated upon many points in the practice of this art. Nearly all tracks I saw, either old or new, as a novice in the art, I questioned him about. In going to the Niobrara River we crossed the track of an Indian pony. My guide followed the track a few miles and then said, ‘It is a stray, black horse, with a long, bushy tail, nearly starved to death, has a split hoof of the left fore foot, and goes very lame, and he passed here early this morning.’ Astonished and incredulous, I asked him the reasons for knowing these particulars by the tracks of the animal, when he replied: ‘It was a stray horse, because it did not go in a direct line; his tail was long, for he dragged it over the snow; in brushing against a bush he left some of his hair, which shows its color.

He was very hungry, for, in going along, he has nipped at those high, dry weeds, which horses seldom eat. The fissure of the left fore-foot left, also, its track, and the depth of the indentation shows the degree of his lameness; and his tracks show he was here this morning, when the snow was hard with frost.'

"At another place we came across an Indian track, and he said, 'It is an old Yankton, who came across the Missouri last evening to look at his traps. In coming over he carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left a lasso to catch a pony which he had lost. He returned without finding the horse, but had caught in the trap he had out a prairie wolf, which he carried home on his back and a bundle of kinikinic wood in his right hand.' Then, he gave his reasons: 'I know he is old, by the impression his gait has made and a Yankton by that of his moccasin. He is from the other side of the river, as there are no Yanktons on this side. The trap he carried struck the snow now and then, and in same manner as when he came, shows that he did not find his pony. A drop of blood in the centre of his tracks shows that he carried the wolf on his back, and the bundle of kinikinic wood he used for a staff for support, and catching a wolf, shows that he had traps out.' 'But, I asked, how do you know it is a wolf? why not a fox or a coyotte, or even a deer?' Said he, 'If it had been a fox, or a coyotte, or any other small



game, he would have slipped the head of the animal in his waist belt, and so carried it by his side, and not on his shoulders. Deer are not caught by traps, but if it had been a deer, he would not have crossed this high hill, but would have gone back by way of the ravine, and the load would have made his steps still more tottering.'

"Another Indian track we saw twenty miles west of this he put this serious construction upon: 'He is an upper Indian—a prowling horse thief—carried a double-shot gun, and is a rascal that killed some white man lately, and passed here one week ago; for,' said he, 'a lone Indian in these parts is on mischief, and generally on the lookout for horses. He had on the shoes of a white man whom he had in all probability killed, but his steps are those of an Indian. Going through the ravine, the end of his gun hit into the deep snow. A week ago we had a very warm day, and the snow being soft, he made these deep tracks; ever since it has been intensely cold weather, which makes very shallow tracks.' I suggested that perhaps he bought those shoes. 'Indians don't buy shoes, and if they did they would not buy them as large as these were, for Indians have very small feet.' The most noted trailer of this country was Paul Daloria, a half-breed, who died under my hands, of Indian consumption, last summer. I have spoken of him in a former letter.

At one time I rode with him, and trailing was naturally the subject of our conversation. I begged to trail with him an old track over the prairie, in order to learn its history. I had hardly made the proposition, when he drew up his horse, which was at a ravine, and said, 'Well, here is an old elk track. Let us get off our horses and follow it.' We followed it but a few rods, when he said, it was exactly a month old, and made at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This he knew, as then we had our last rain, and at the hour named the ground was softer than at any other time. The track before us was then made. He broke up here and there clusters of grass that lay in the path of the track, and showed me the dry ends of some, the stumps of others, and by numerous other similar items accounted for many circumstances that astonished me. We followed the trail over a mile. Now and then we saw that a wolf, a fox, and other animals had practised their trailing instincts on the elk's tracks. Here and there, he would show me where a snake, a rat, and a prairie dog had crossed the track. Nothing had followed or crossed the track that the quick eye of Daloria did not detect. He gave an account of the habits of all the animals that had left their foot-prints on the track, also of the state of the weather since the elk passed, and the effect of sunshine, winds, aridity, sand storms, and other influences that had a bearing on these tracks."

The true philosopher will observe the entire absence of "superstition" in all the methods and convictions of the wild trailer of the far West. His observations are correct and of practical value, because strictly in accordance with the laws and teachings of cause and effect. He has recourse to no mysterious proceedings, incantations, fortune-telling crystals, or other witchcraftiness, which are so popular with omen-believers and the very superstitious. But, instead, you mark the honest regard for facts in the nature and habits of the animals and persons which inhabit that part of the world. Somewhat of this natural sturdy accuracy, and somewhat of this anti-superstitious knowledge of the laws and facts of life, may be incorporated into the education of every human mind.





